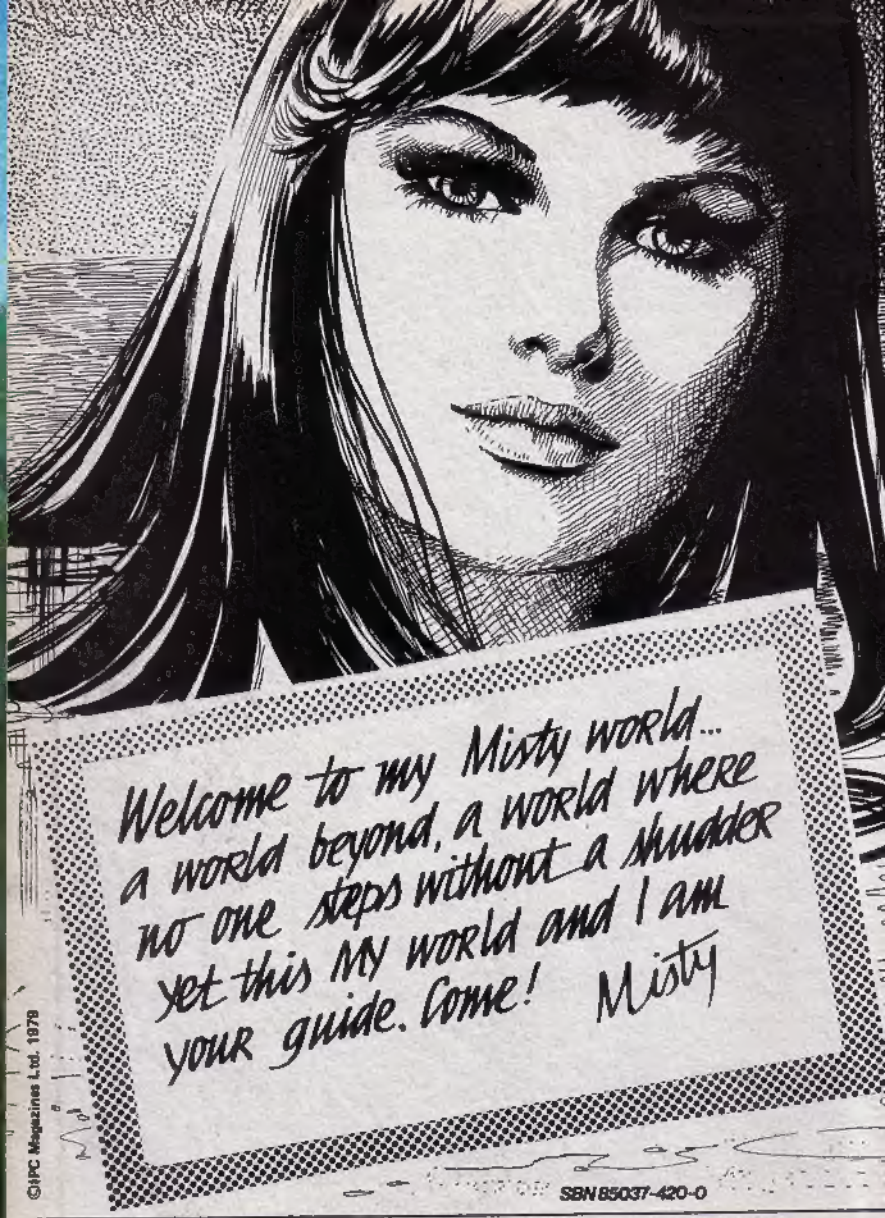
MISTY
ANNUAL
1980
A
FLEETWAY
ANNUAL


Welcome to my Misty world...
a world beyond, a world where
no one steps without a shudder
yet this MY world and I am
your guide. Come!
Misty

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HOME FOR TEA

A FATE BEYOND IMAGINING LAY AHEAD OF ADDIE PRICE AS SHE LEFT HER COSY MOORLAND HOME THAT BRIGHT MORNING, AND HER PARTING WORDS WERE TO RING IN HER EARS FOR EVER...

'BYE, MUM. DON'T WORRY, I'LL LOOK AFTER LYN. HOME FOR TEA!

THE SISTERS WERE KEEN POTHOLERS.

LET'S TRY TO GET PAST THAT STONE FALL WE SPOTTED WITH THE CAVING CLUB LAST TIME DOWN, ADDIE. IT'D BE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP, EXPLORING NEW GROUND.

IF IT SEEMS SAFE, LYN, BUT WE MUST BE EXTRA CAREFUL ON OUR OWN.

PRESENTLY...

THERE'S THE FALL, ADDIE, AND LOOK! BET WE CAN WRIGGLE THROUGH THAT GAP AT THE TOP.

STAND BACK WHILE I TRY.

£1·40

IT'S A TIGHT SQUEEZE, BUT IT'LL GO. AND THE PASSAGE OPENS OUT THIS SIDE, LYN... SLOPES DOWN OUT OF SIGHT.
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
WE'VE COME DOWN AN AWFUL LONG WAY, ADDIE, FAR DEEPER THAT EVER BEFORE. EERIE, ISN'T IT? SO SILENT... SORT OF DEAD...
THAT ARCH AHEAD... IT'S LIKE A DOORWAY.
SIDE BY SIDE, THE SISTERS STEPPED THROUGH THE ARCH, AND...
NNOOOOO!
WHAT ON EARTH...? IT FELT AS IF I WAS FALLING MILES, BUT I'M NOT HURT AT ALL! NOT EVEN A SCRATCH!
OH, ADDIE, I WAS SO SCARED! I—I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE KILLED!
ME, TOO, LYN. I DON'T GET IT, THOUGH. WE SEEMED TO DROP LIKE STONES, BUT WE'RE STILL JUST INSIDE THE ARCH! WE HAVEN'T FALLEN AN INCH! WAS IT SOME KIND OF ILLUSION, OR WHAT?

WEIRD. BUT HOW ABOUT THIS CAVERN, ADDIE? IT'S AWESOME... LIKE A GREAT CATHEDRAL...
LYN, I'VE JUST NOTICED. MY WATCH HAS STOPPED. GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT TIME IT IS. BETTER BE GETTING BACK.
NOT A RIPPLE... SO DEEP AND DARK, DRAWING ME DOWN... THERE'S SOMETHING UNEARTHLY ABOUT THIS CAVE...
WE CAN'T HAVE BEEN HERE MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES, ADDIE. STILL, YOU'RE THE BOSS!
THROUGH THE ARCH AND UP THE LONG TUNNEL, OVER THE STONE FALL, UNTIL AT LAST...
THERE'S THE WAY OUT, BUT – BUT IT'S BEEN BLOCKED UP!
LOOKS AS IF SOMEBODY'S DUMPED A HEAP OF OLD GARDEN RUBBISH. BUT WHO'D DO THAT, OUT ON THE MOORS? VANDALS! OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER.
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! HELP CLEAR A WAY THROUGH.
AAAAAAH!
I – I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! IT'S HORRIBLE... A NIGHTMARE!
EVERYTHING'S BLACK... DEAD! WHILE WE'VE BEEN UNDERGROUND, THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE HAS BEEN DESTROYED!
TH-THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! NOT A GREEN LEAF OR A BLADE OF GRASS! OH, ADDIE! AND – AND WHY'S IT SO COLD?

SNOW...IN AUGUST? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED? MUM...WHAT ABOUT MUM?
FIRE CAN'T HAVE DONE IT...THE GROUND WOULD STILL BE HOT...
ADDIE, ADDIE! OUR COTTAGE...IT ISN'T THERE!
A BLACKENED HEAP OF RUBBLE WAS ALL THAT REMAINED WITH, BEYOND, A SILENT AND SHATTERED VILLAGE...
MUM! OH, MUM! WHERE ARE YOU? SHE'S GONE, ADDIE! EVERYTHING'S GONE!
IT'S LIKE A DIFFERENT WORLD! SINCE JUST THIS MORNING...
GRAAAAGH!
AND THE DOGS ARE SAVAGE! HIDE, LYN!
KEEP DOWN BEHIND THIS STONE, LYN. THEY'RE MOVING AWAY AND -- OH, NO! NO!
JANE PRICE
Died March 2020 aged 78
"Reunited with her beloved daughters, Addie and Lyn, mysteriously lost while caving, August, 1978"
THIS IS A GRAVESTONE... AND IT'S OUR MUM'S!

BUT – BUT THIS SAYS MUM DIED AGED 76, IN 2020! THAT'S OVER FORTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE!
JAMIE PYKE
AND SEE THIS... "REUNITED WITH HER BELOVED DAUGHTERS, ADDIE AND LYN, MYSTERIOUSLY LOST WHILE CAVING, AUGUST 1980."
BUT WE'RE NOT DEAD, ADDIE! OH, I CAN'T BEAR ANY MORE!
I FEEL I'M GOING CRAZY, TOO! BUT THERE IS AN EXPLANATION, LYN, THE ONLY ONE. SOMEHOW, WE'VE GONE INTO THE FUTURE! IT WAS THAT STRANGE CAVE... A FEW MINUTES IN THERE, AND DECADES PASSED OUT HERE!
WHILE TIME STOOD STILL FOR US, THE WORLD CHANGED INTO A TERRIBLE, RUINED PLACE, WHERE WE SEEM TO BE ALONE!
SPEAK. WHO ARE YOU, STRANGERS?
AAAAAH!
A S-SPACEMAN!
COME, SURELY YOU RECOGNISE STANDARD PROTECTIVE CLOTHING? YOU SHOULD BE WEARING YOURS OUT HERE IN THE DESOLATION. IT IS STILL UNSAFE, EVEN IN 2058, YEARS AFTER THE GLOBAL WAR.
2058? G-GLOBAL WAR? OH, LYN...

RUN! BACK TO THE CAVE!
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DREADFUL TIME ON EARTH! A FEW MORE MINUTES IN THE CAVE, AND WE'LL COME OUT INTO A DIFFERENT AGE.
GOODBYE, MUM. . . MAYBE — MAYBE WE'LL MEET AGAIN IN ANOTHER, BETTER WORLD. . .
BEYOND THE ARCH, BESIDE THE POOL, MINUTES THAT WERE REALLY YEARS TICKED BY. TREMBLING, THE GIRLS EMERGED ONCE MORE, AND THIS TIME. . .
OH, IT'S BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL, ADDIE!
LIKE THE KIND OF WORLD WHERE MIRACLES MAY HAPPEN, LYN. BUT EVEN IF WE CAN'T EVER AGAIN GO HOME FOR TEA WITH MUM, WE'VE STILL GOT EACH OTHER. . .
THE END

Girl in the Graveyard

AS PART of a research project to explore the possibilities that a person's conventional idea of time could be upset in some way, author J.B. Priestley advertised for unusual real life stories. This is one of the true experiences he heard about.

It was always the same, the little girl's dream never changed. It was a damp cold night, her hair and her clothes felt wet and she had no idea of how she came to be wandering along the narrow pathway through an old church graveyard. There were several horses there, white and grey ones gently grazing but they took little notice of her as she moved along in the swirling heavy ground mist.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Grave stones loomed ominously, their inscriptions almost obliterated through years of rain and snow. The girl felt herself being drawn toward one particular grave, its headstone was larger, more ominous than the rest. A chill swept through her then, as she reached it the girl had the horrible sensation of falling down into a bottomless pit. She would then awake filled with fear and anxiety.

For as long as she could remember she had been troubled by the same dream, then when she was 12 years old something happened that stopped it. She was on holiday in the country with her parents and had gone out alone for a walk.

Suddenly the sky became overcast so the girl hurried homeward. Soon she was caught in a thunderstorm and the only shelter she could see was an old church. As she moved through the graveyard towards it she knew she was reliving her dream. The rain had stopped, her hair and her clothes were wet, mist hung over the decaying headstones and there were the horses just the way she had always seen them gentle but ghostly. There was the grave as well and as she approached it she could see an inscription. She bent down to read the gravestone but only the date of death was decernable in large ornate letters. It read "Died April 29th 1934" — that was her own date of birth!

She couldn't believe it and had to read it over and over again to convince herself. The girl went home and although shocked by the experience she knew it had actually happened. From that moment she never had the same dream again.

THE END

THE WOMAN AND THE WOLF

ANIMALS, like the sensation of falling from a great height, often form part of peoples dreams. Both usually involve unpleasant experiences leading to troubled uneasy sleep.

Authoress Ann Faraday was hunted by animals in her dreams during her second pregnancy and although they varied slightly the theme was always the same. She was being chased through the streets by a wild ferocious beast, sometimes a cat or a dog, but usually by a large wolf. She would either run away from the animal or turn and fight it with a knife or a big stick. She always won the battle by killing it after a long tiresome struggle.

At the end of her pregnancy the climax of her dream changed in a frightening way. Again she was being pursued by the wolf which caught up with her very quickly and started to attack. She turned and beat it to the ground with her stick and although it was soon unconscious she continued to strike it until it was dead. As it lay there, lifeless, Ann Faraday saw its features slowly change to that of a woman with brilliant gold eyes that flashed with anger. She felt the woman was appearing to seek revenge for the wolf and would wake up suddenly crying a word that sounded like "Ecube". Thinking her dream might well be linked with Greek mythology Ann searched through history books of the period and unearthed some startling information. Hecuba, was a spiteful Greek woman whose vicious tongue was a plague to her family and friends. As a result, one day she was turned into a large dog, then driven into the sea where she drowned. Another disturbing fact was that Hecate, another Greek figure of legend was a fearsome animal with three heads one of which was a dog or wolf.

Ann could only feel her dream had occured during pregnancy because of her struggle to cope with being a mother and the problem of caring for a second child.

THE END

A Special Murky Creepy Story...
Suddenly she knew there was
Something on the Stairs!

OVER...

SUDDENLY SHE KNEW THERE WAS...

Something on

Being a parson's kid is no fun, I can tell you. I've often tried to keep it a secret as long as possible but sooner or later there's always some nosey-parker at school who'll find your Dad wears his collar back to front and usually they lose no time letting the whole world know. And they don't understand, either, why you haven't got the latest skateboard, tranny radio or whatever the latest craze happens to be.

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

"Suppose having to be good an' that you give all your money to the poor," they might say.

All what money? You have to be a Bishop at least before you've got real money. I saw the inside of a Bishop's Palace once. It really did look like a Palace inside, too. It was the day he sent for Dad to offer him a new living That's what they call it, a parish, I mean. Yes, a living That's a laugh?

Nobody had to tell me Dad's new living wouldn't offer any more than his old one — and I wasn't even very impressed when I heard the new place would be beside the sea. I knew we wouldn't be able to afford the scuba diving and surfing gear all the other kids would no doubt have at the new school. Not that I want you to think I'm mercenary, I'm not. But when your family don't have a lot of money and don't look like they ever will have, you put an awful lot of thought into ways of getting hold of some.

So, like I was saying, I wasn't impressed or excited at all when I heard we'd be moving to Shalecliffe-on-Sea. Not that is, until I found out about the famous Rector of Shalecliff. Not Dad or the one he was replacing but the one that had lived there at the very beginning of the seventeenth century.

To begin with he had been as poor as every other rector since and then suddenly, mysteriously, he became rich overnight He talked of an inheritance but nobody ever believed him. Some talked of a deal with local smugglers, many more believed he had betrayed the trust of Christ and entered a pact with the Devil It's certain that once he became rich he neglected the Church, his duties and his parishioners All this was said to be part of his contract with the Master of Darkness which had been concluded in the mysterious and eerie buildings of the monastery across the road from the Rectory which even in those days had already begun to crumble into ruin.

So, from the day we arrived I felt I really had an object in life for the fact is the old Rector who had come so startlingly into big money was supposed to have died as rich as he had lived. The legend was that somewhere he had salted away his devil's due and no human eye had ever set eye on it from that day to this. I had made up my mind I was going to be the one to find it.

I took my first look at the monastery ruins across the road while the removal men were still taking furniture into the new house. It didn't look much like a monastery any more. Just piles of grey stones, mostly, surrounded by trees. Except for the tower which still looked intact from the outside and now stood right on top of a cliff with a sheer drop to the sea though when it had been built the monastery had been inland. I peeped inside and as my eyes got used to the darkness saw stone stairs winding up, uneven, crumbling and very unsafe looking. I reckoned if the Rector had left his treasure in the monastery ruins somebody would have helped themselves by now. Yet there was no record of anything ever being found and I'd have thought it would have been jolly difficult to hush up anything of the sort in those days. The treasure had to be somewhere.

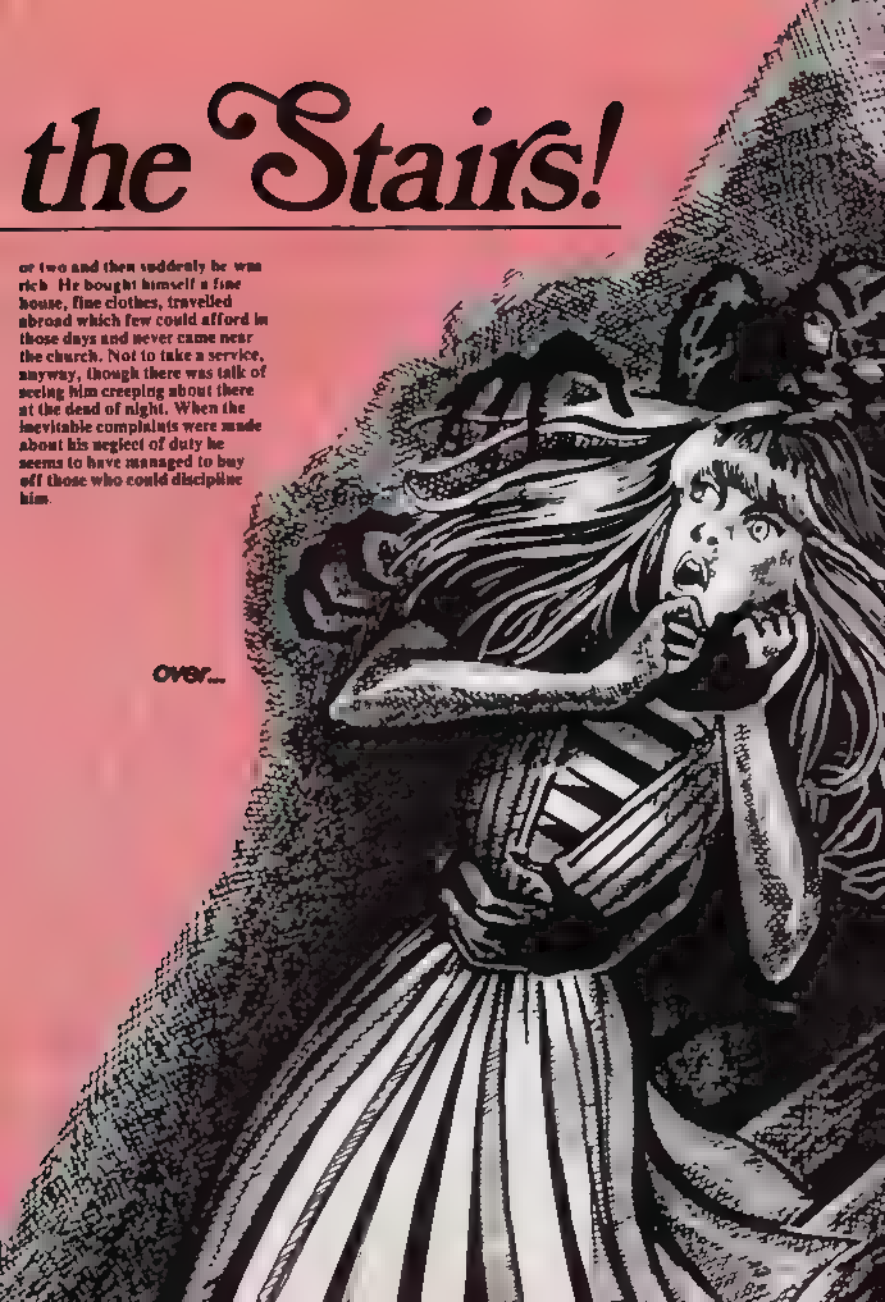
That very first night I was down the local library taking out all the books that looked like they'd give any sort of clue to the Rector of Shalecliff. If I was going to find that treasure I reckoned I had to try and become some sort of expert on the old boy. Of course Mum and Dad were terribly impressed by my sudden interest in history and I convinced them that making the move was the best thing they'd ever done. It took weeks, of course, months even; but there had been a lot written about the old Rector and eventually I managed to sift the gossip from the hard facts. He'd been an eccentric from the start and quite definitely had dabbled in alchemy at one time, trying to turn base metals into gold. From time to time he'd kept a diary and in it a record of his experiments. At one time he reckoned he was near success. Could that have been the source of the treasure? Maybe the Devil had come along and helped out with an experiment or two.

Unfortunately no diary had survived for his early days at Shalecliff but he had seemed a normal enough rector for a year

the Stairs!

or two and then suddenly he was rich. He bought himself a fine house, fine clothes, travelled abroad which few could afford in those days and never came near the church. Not to take a service, anyway, though there was talk of seeing him creeping about there at the dead of night. When the inevitable complaints were made about his neglect of duty he seems to have managed to buy off those who could discipline him.

over...



He made no secret of his riches and the fact that he enjoyed them. The one thing that really seemed to annoy him was that he wouldn't be able to take them with him when he died. He refused to make a will leaving the fortune to anyone saying he'd be back from beyond the grave to collect it and meanwhile he was hiding it — and guarding it. I didn't see how it could be guarded but there was a whole lot I didn't understand about the Rector after months of study but I was still determined to get my hands on his treasure.

I was sure I had read everything available about the man but still seemed no closer to my goal and then one day came what seemed like a breakthrough. Funnily enough it came in the middle of one of Dad's sermons. I never listened to these, anyway. Not because I wasn't interested but because when you're a vicar's daughter you tend to hear him rehearsing around the house all week. So I was looking up at this stained glass window when I noticed that some of the writing incorporated into the pattern was not in the usual Latin but English. It read: WHAT I HAVE LEFT IS GUARDED. At once I thought of the Rector. Had he left some clue in the stained glass window?

It was evensong so after the service I had to strain my eyes when I stayed behind to look closer at the window. Above the writing there was a figure of a priest standing before a tower and pointing to a picture of The Last Supper. The finger pointed straight at Judas Iscariot and now I remembered how local gossip interpreted this as the Wicked Rector acknowledging his own betrayal of Christ's teaching as being every bit as bad as the man who had betrayed Jesus. But quite suddenly I saw that the window design would bear another interpretation. People had missed the significance of the tower behind the priest who must surely be the Rector himself. And wasn't that tower the monastery tower, maybe a floor or two higher than it was now? Linked with the message in English and the fact that Judas Iscariot was the twelfth disciple it seemed as clear as anything to me that the Rector was saying his treasure was hidden by, beneath or under the twelfth stair of the tower. I hardly noticed that the stained glass window also showed the kind of demon who might be guarding the treasure, a small figure but with a face of incommensurate, devouring evil. But I was to recall it before very long.

✡ ✡ ✡ ✡

I raced out of the church, past our house, and across the road to the monastery ruins. Some interfering fool, from the Council probably, had roped off the crumbling tower and put up a notice saying it was unsafe for the public since I had last been there. I couldn't be bothered with all that but ducked under the barrier and ran up the stairs counting them till I came to the twelfth one and though the light was fading fast now my heart missed a beat

as my eyes saw what I wanted them to see. The stair itself was like all the others but in the wall at its side was a stone smoother than those that surrounded it.

Obviously of a later date. Put there by the mysterious, rich Rector of Shalecliff? My excitement was matched by the disappointment of knowing there was no more could be done at that moment. I'd have to come back next night with the proper tools and a lantern. As I started to leave I could have sworn I heard a sound. I swung round and strained to see if there was anything there in the gathering gloom but all was still as before.

All next day gales raged, the wind blew down chimney pots and tiles and carried away garden fences. The tower probably wasn't safe in such weather but I could not face further delay. Once everybody was asleep I took up the storm lantern that Dad often lent the Girl Guides and a chisel and hammer I'd found in the toolbox.

✡ ✡ ✡ ✡

As I crossed the road and shivered I realised I'd left my anorak behind in my excitement. But I couldn't be bothered to go back for it. I might risk waking someone up and besides what I had to do wouldn't take long, would it?

✡ ✡ ✡ ✡

I did hesitate at the door of the tower, just for a moment. I admit it. The Rector had said his treasure was guarded and there had been the noise I thought I heard the night before. But then I shrugged. The guard, if guard there was, would have been dead nearly as long as the Rector by now, I reasoned.

So I lit the lantern and held it carefully as I picked my way up those uneven crumbly stone stairs — and then I put the light down and sat on the twelfth stair to get to work on that odd stone by the side. Right away I found it was loose but working away at it took much longer than I thought since, probing, away with the chisel had to be done as quietly as possible. It would be too awful if I was discovered and prevented from carrying on now.

And then at last it was ready. I had prised the smooth stone partly out and with my hands round it took firm hold and eased it toward me. But the slight change of position this necessitated caused me to change the position of my leg and my foot caught the lantern, toppling it so it fell with a clatter down the steps, going out as it bounced against the wall. I was left in the dark with the wind howling about the tower and the distant sound of crashing waves coming up to me from the foot of the cliffs below. But nothing was going to stop me now. I slid out the stone, gasped a little as I took its full weight as it parted from the wall and then set it down.

The most revolting, musty smell, the odour of rotting centuries seeped out from the hole I had thus made and though it threatened to choke me for a moment I reached out and put both hands into the hole in the wall. I was convinced the treasure hoard would be inside.

And almost at once it seemed I was rewarded. My fingers touched something. Something leathery. And slimy. Surely, surely, this had to be it? A leather bag holding . . . what? Gold coins? Rubies? Diamonds? I tried to get a firmer grip but the surface was slippery. And at the same time it seemed to be wedged firmly in the cavity of the wall. Then I got a better hold. It certainly felt like some sort of bag and I moved it. I was lifting it up and out. I'd have to wait till I could get outside before I could see what was in it but it was moving — and then it was. I realised I was no longer the one moving it. It was moving by itself!

I made to pull back my hands but suddenly they were held in a tight grip. As I pulled back I pulled the thing with me. I felt its cold clammy touch move slowly up my arm and reach my shoulder. As I turned away and tried to run its relentless clasp caught firmly at my throat. How many hands did it have? Stifling my screams I tried to push the sticky clammy thing away but then it was sitting on my shoulder and finally on my back, a great heavy weight like the Old Man of the Sea in the story. It was then I thought of the stained glass

over...

window and its picture of the demon guardian. Was this what I had now met — after all these centuries? If only I could see. I could only feel its unspeakable frightening presence manifested in its slimy, evil touch. It was heavy, relentlessly unmoving, there in the middle of my back with one hand around my throat and the other around my waist.

As I turned and struggled to see over my shoulder and come face to face with this monstrosity its dank, foul breath sickened me.

And was I imagining those small but unspeakably evil green eyes? This was like a living nightmare and I wanted desperately to faint except that I feared I would then be in the power of this creature, this thing for ever more.

Nevertheless, I lost my footing on the stair and lurched against the wall and then I realised this was my salvation. I backed to the wall and banged my back against it several times, each blow making the monstrosity attached to me gasp and sigh in a most inhuman way and also loosen its grip.

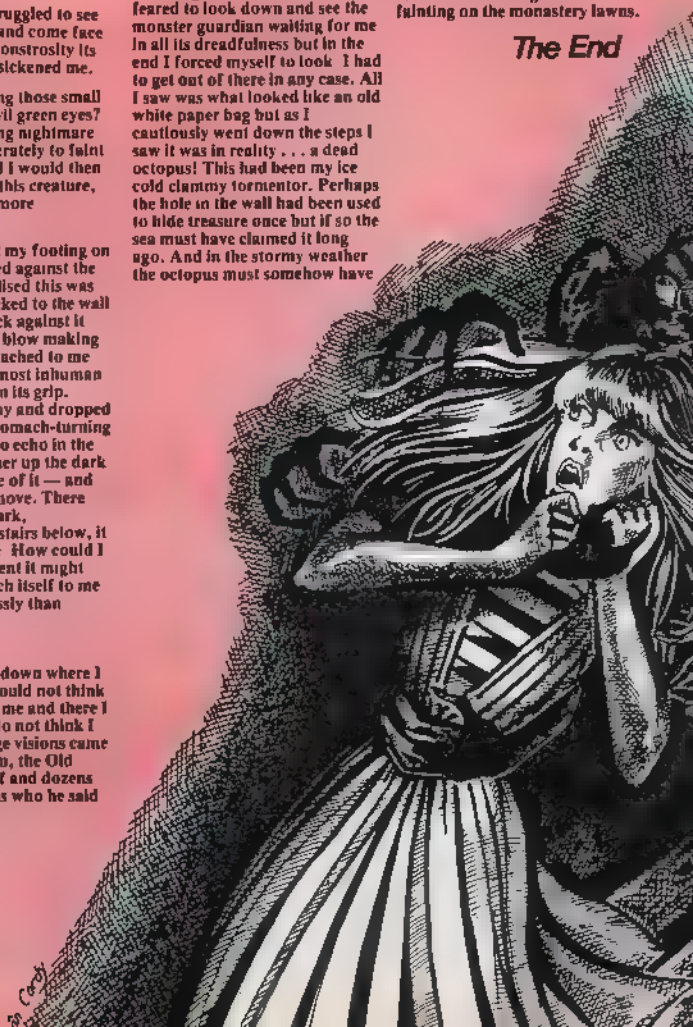
At last it fell away and dropped at my feet with a stomach-turning slurp that seemed to echo in the most chilling manner up the dark stairway. I was free of it — and yet I did not dare move. There below me, in the dark, somewhere on the stairs below, it was waiting for me. How could I pass? At any moment it might strike out and attach itself to me even more relentlessly than before.

Shivering I sank down where I stood, praying it would not think of coming up after me and there I stayed all night. I do not think I slept and yet strange visions came to me. Among them, the Old Rector of Shalecliff and dozens of different demons who he said were his watchdogs and who he kept to pay out people like me who thought only of money and never sharing it with others. Of course, later everyone said it was the first signs of the fever that came with the pneumonia I caught through spending a whole cold night in the tower in just a thin dress but I'm not so sure.

I know I was awake and shivering when dawn came. I feared to look down and see the monster guardian waiting for me in all its dreadfulness but in the end I forced myself to look. I had to get out of there in any case. All I saw was what looked like an old white paper bag but as I cautiously went down the steps I saw it was in reality . . . a dead octopus! This had been my ice cold clammy tormentor. Perhaps the hole in the wall had been used to hide treasure once but if so the sea must have claimed it long ago. And in the stormy weather the octopus must somehow have been forced by the high seas up the chimney inside the tower and got firmly wedged where I had found it once the water level had dropped.

I picked my way past its poor dead shapeless mass and, still shivering, looked out at the daylight. There are more treasures than gold and silver I remember thinking before fainting on the monastery lawns.

The End



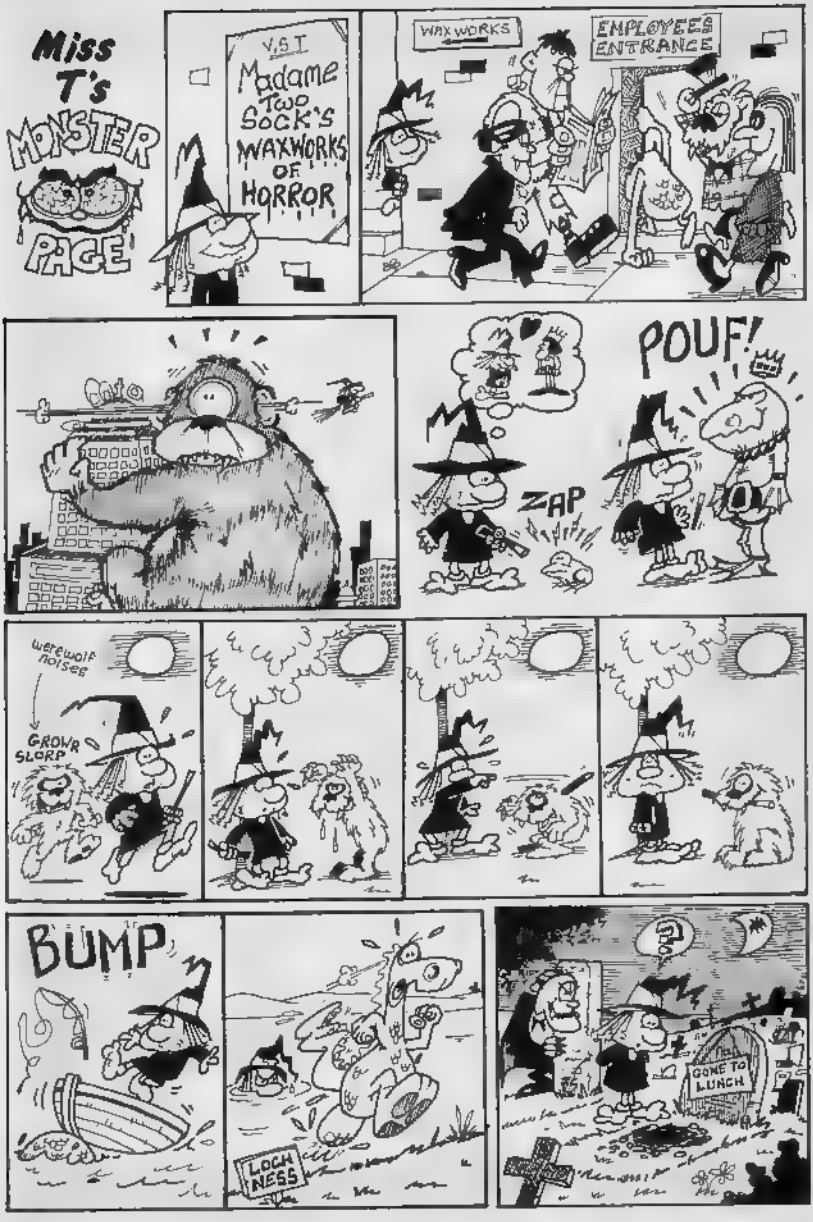
THE HAUNTING OF FORM 2B
YOU'RE REALLY LUCKY IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HE SENDS THEM AS THE LESSONS WILL BE THE SAME ANYWAY
BOW IS FANTASTIC
SOMETHING OUT OF A SCIENCE FICTION FILM
GOLLY! WHAT A DRAGON!
FOR ONE IN SINGLE FILE AND TALKING
MISS THIS ERA IS LEGENDARY OLD FASHIONED FOR A MODERN SCHOOL
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SMASHING
THERE ARE ONLY 29 DESKS
THERE SEEMS TO BE A DESK SHORT
TYPICAL ALMOST ALL THIS MODERN TECHNOLOGY AND I HAVE TO SHARE

"God Bless Queen Victoria!"
GOSH! NOW THEY'RE BOTH SITTING AT VICTORIAN DESKS
EH? WHAT ON EARTH'S UP? YOU BOTH LOOK SO STRANGE AND PALE
AND THAT DATE YOU WROTE ON THE BLACKBOARD, MARILYN. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TODAY'S DATE YET YOU WROTE 1888
Suddenly
THE DOOR IT'S BANGED SHUT BY ITSELF & BUT HOW ? NO ONE CAME IN
SLAM!
PLEASE MISS, DON'T HIT HER AGAIN!
EH? I'M THERE'S NOBODY HERE, JEN
OH NO HER HEAD'S BADLY CUT
WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
HERE WIPE THE BLOOD FROM YOUR FOREHEAD WITH THIS
STOP IT JEN - YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME!
GOSH! WHERE DID SHE GET THIS? IT'S AN OLD LACE HANKIE
God Bless Queen Victoria

WHAT'S HAPPENING ? AS SOON AS I TOUCHED THE HANDKERCHIEF EVERYTHING STARTED SPINNING ROUND
GOSH! THE CLASS ROOM - IT'S CHANGED IT'S ALL VICTORIAN AND WHO ARE THOSE GIRLS? WHERE'S JEN AND MARILYN?
OOH! MY HEAD - IT HURTS AND NOW IT IS BLEEDING JUST LIKE JEN SAID.
HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET, MY GIRL. TAKE THAT!
AAGH!
HEY DID YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM?
I CAME FROM DOWN THERE COME ON SOME ONE'S IN TROUBLE!
GOODNESS! IT'S ONE OF THE DAY PUPILS JUDY MAYHEW BUT THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE!
IT'S OKAY LUV WE'RE STUDENTS AT NIGHT CLASS
E EVERYTHING'S BACK TO NORMAL THE OLD CLASSROOM THAT STRANGE FIGURE TH THEY'VE GONE
SHE SHE'S COMING ROUND!
AND THE CUT ON MY HEAD THAT'S DISAPPEARED TOO!
ARE YOU OKAY? WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING I MUST HAVE FAINTED THAT'S ALL
I CAN'T VERY WELL TELL THEM THE TRUTH THEY'D THINK WAS CRAZY
WE'D BETTER SEE YOU HOME.
Next morning
C'MON, SLOWCOACH - OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL
MARILYN AND JEN ARE THEY'RE ACTING AS THOUGH NOTHING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?

MAYBE NOTHING DID HAPPEN I COULD HAVE IMAGINED THE WHOLE THING?
OH WELL ANOTHER DAY AT THE JAILHOUSE?
SEEMS THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION MARILYN AND JEN SEEM SO NORMAL NOW
IN CLASS
I'M AFRAID ONE OF THOSE NEW FANGLED DESKS HAS HAD TO BE REPAIRED ALISON YOU'LL HAVE TO SIT IN THIS OLD ONE
MISS TWISTLEWICK OUR NEW FORM MISTRESS SHE LOOKS SO OUT OF PLACE IN A SCHOOL LIKE THIS
DON'T MIND SITTING IN T' ALISON THINK THEY'RE RATHER QUAINT
TH THERE'S SOME THING WEIRD ABOUT THOSE DESKS ALL THIS TROUBLE STARTED AFTER WE BROUGHT THE FIRST ONE UP FROM THE CELLARS
JUDITH DOES THAT CUT ON YOUR FOREHEAD STILL HURT?
WHAT CUT
OH NO THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE SAYING LAST NIGHT! THEN THEN I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT ALL SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO MARILYN AND JEN
ALISON LIKE TO BORROW MY HANGOVER CHIEF?
IT'S THAT SAME MARKIE I DON'T TOUCH IT ALISON!
WHAT'S WRONG JUDITH? WHY ARE YOU SHOUTING
SHE SHE'S LOOKING AT ME STRANGELY HAS HAS SHE BEEN AFFECTED LIKE THE OTHERS?
SETTLE DOWN GIRLS, LET'S START THE LESSON
I'M GETTING TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD GOING ON AT THIS SCHOOL SOMETHING SINISTER
SUDDENLY
IN MY
continued on page 24

Miss T's MONSTER PAGE



continued from page 22

Haunting of Form 2 B

STAY IN YOUR SEATS GIRLS IT'S PROBABLY JUST A BLOWN FUSE IT'LL BE FIXED IN A FEW MINUTES
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAYS BUT SINCE THE TWO OLD DESKS WERE BROUGHT UP FROM THE BASEMENT LOTS OF STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING ESPECIALLY TO MY WORRIED FRIENDS JEN AND MARILYN

HURRICANE LAMPS JUST WHAT WE NEED GIRLS TOMORROW'S FOR HIT AT IVE
THANK YOU MISS THISTLEWICK WE FOUND THEM IN THE BASEMENT
MORE STUFF FROM THE BASEMENT I WISH THEY'D SEEM TO NEED SOMETHING FROM THAT PLACE

THIS ROOM'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF CHARLES DICKENS THESE TWO TATTY DESKS AND NOW THESE SMELLY LAMPS
WE THINK THE ROOM LOOKS AMAZING YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO IT

LOOK MISSIE IF IT WERE A FUSE IT WOULD HAVE BLACKED OUT OTHER CLASSES AS WELL BUT THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM AFFECTED OKAY?
SEE VERY WELL YOU'D BETTER GET STARTED THEN
LATER
IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE EVERYTHING'S IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER YET NOTHING WORKS!
WELL GIRLS WE'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO THE LAMPS FOR THE TIME BEING
BUT THAT'S WHAT JEN SAID BEFORE THE ELECTRICIAN CAME HOW DID SHE KNOW?
AFTER SCHOOL
MARILYN CAN TAG ALONG!
TAG ALONG WHAT A VULGAR WAY YOU HAVE OF EXPRESSING YOURSELF JUDITH NO SHE MUST BE ENGAGED
MARILYN SNUBBING YOU TOO! SHE'S GETTING TOO BIG FOR HER BOOTS IF YOU ASK ME
I WISH IT WERE SO SIMPLE
TWO DAYS AGO JEN MARILYN AND POOR ALISON WERE LIKE THE REST OF US NOW THEY'RE SO STRANGE ACTING SO FORMAL AND UNDER SOME STRANGE POWER THEY CAN SEE BUT NO ONE ELSE CAN
THEY'VE SPLIT UP I'LL FOLLOW MARILYN SEE IF I CAN FIND A CLUE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER!
THIS ISN'T HER USUAL WAY HOME HOLD ON SHE'S GOING INTO A SHOP
HMM NOTHING ODD ABOUT THAT I SUPPOSE JUST PICKING UP SOME DRY CLEANING
BE RID OF THE OLD PART OF TOWN NOW IT'S ALL ABOUT TO BE redeveloped

B-BUT MY HOME SHOULD BE HERE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY HOUSE?
EH? HER HOUSE? BUT MARILYN LIVES MILES AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!
MARILYN! WHAT'S WRONG?
THEY THEY'VE KNOCKED MY HOUSE DOWN! WHERE'S MY FAMILY? MY SISTERS!
SISTERS? B-BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SISTERS!
EH? NO OF COURSE NOT! WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I'D BETTER GET ON HOME
MARILYN YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR PARCEL GOSH! WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?
HELLO WHAT'S THIS GOODNESS! IT'S AN OLD FASHIONED DRESS! WHAT WOULD SHE WANT WITH THAT?
THAT NIGHT
MUM DID MARILYN EVER LIVE IN TUDOR STREET IN THE OLD PART OF TOWN?
NO LOVE BUT HER GRANNY DID AND HER MOTHER BEFORE HER WHY DO YOU ASK?
OH JUST SOMETHING MARILYN SAID A GRIM OLD PLACE TUDOR STREET ISN'T IT?
WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THAT BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE IN THE HEY DAY THERE SHOULD BE SOME OLD PHOTOS IN YOUR GRANNY'S TRUNK IN THE ATTIC
AND SO
TUDOR STREET! IT WAS QUITE POSH IN THOSE DAYS!
HEY WHAT'S THIS! IT'S OF A TORN PHOTO IT'S A SCHOOL PHOTO TOO AND THEY'RE WEARING DRESSES JUST LIKE THE ONE MARILYN DROPPED!
B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE

Victorian Schoolgirls!

COME ON JUDY - THE BELL'S GONE WE'LL BE LATE
OUR CLASSROOM - IT'S SCARE, BY EVERY DAY SOMETHING GETS ALTERED - THE PLACE IS GETTING TO LOOK LIKE A VICTORIAN CLASSROOM!

MARILYN! WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU? YOU LOOK DAFT IN THAT GEAR
NO, DON'T YOU LOOK DAFT DRESSED LIKE THAT - THESE DRESSES ARE FAR WARMER AND MORE SENSIBLE

DON'T MUCK ABOUT JEN - THEY'VE BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!
STEADY ON, JUDY - CAN'T YOU SEE? - IT'S ALL A LARK - THEY JUST FOUND THE OLD PAINTING IN THE BASEMENT BROUGHT IT UP FOR A JOKE

BUT THAT'S JUST IT THEY'RE NOT JOKING! THE OBJECTS FROM THE BASE WEREN'T ARE MAKING ALISON, IAN AND MARILYN BEHAVE LIKE VICTORIAN SCHOOLGIRLS!
GOOD MORNING GIRLS! WHY WHAT LOVELY DRESSES! NOT STRICTLY SCHOOL UNIFORM BUT I'M SURE WE CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION
MISS THISTLEWICK SHE MUST BE BEHIND ALL THAT'S HAPPENING BUT HOW? AND WHY?
SEE PHYSICAL EDUCATION IS FIRST ON YOUR TIMETABLE THIS MORNING YOU'D BE BETTER OFF LEARNING THE PIANO FORTE OR EMBROIDERY
PERFECTLY CORRECT MISS THISTLEWICK!
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF MARILYN
LATER
JEN YOU SEE THOSE VEHICLES THE OTHERS CALL CARS HOW WHAT FROM US THEM CAN'T SEE ANY HORSES PULLING THEM
PERHAPS THEY'RE STEAM DRIVEN SHIPS ARE NOWADAYS YOU KNOW
DID YOU HEAR THAT JUDY? THEY DIDN'T SOUND TO ME LIKE THEY WERE JOKING
I DON'T THINK THEY WERE I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOU LATER NEED TO CONFIDE IN SOME ONE SHARE MY SECRET
IN THE DRESSING ROOMS
COME ON JEN WHY AREN'T YOU CHANGED YET
WE HAVE NO INTENTION OF CHANGING IT'S NOT LADY LIKE
NOT LADY LIKE? WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS!
A LADY DOES NOT EXPOSE HER LEGS TO THE PUBLIC GAZE ! IT'S NOT DECENT!
YOU THREE ARE COMING TO THE HEADMISTRESS WITH ME DON'T KNOW WHAT CAN'T YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING DRESSED UP LIKE THAT AND ALL
BUT LATER
WELL PLAYED THERE!
I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE WITH THE HEAD! SHE MUST HAVE LET THEM OFF!
IF ANY OF YOU GIRLS WOULD LIKE TO GIVE UP YOUR REGULAR P.T. CLASSES AND TAKE UP THE PIANOFORTE THEN YOU CAN
B BUT HEADMISTRESS.

QUIET MISS PARSLEY NOT ALL OUR YOUNG LADIES WISH TO BECOME AMAZONS!
THE WEIRD SHE'S ACTING LIKE MARILYN AND THE OTHERS A BUT HOW COME
THAT'S A LOVELY PARABOL YOU'VE GOT HEADMISTRESS
ISN'T IT EQUISITE MISS THIET EWICK FOUND IT IN THE OLD BASEMENT AND GAVE IT TO ME
THAT EXPLAINS HER ATTITUDE EVERYTHING BROUGHT UP FROM THE BASEMENT HAS A STRANGE EFFECT ON THE PERSON WHO HANDLES IT!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR CLASS JUDY THERE'S SOME THING REALLY WEIRD GOING ON
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PHOTO BUT BE PREPARED FOR A SHOCK
JUDY TOLD HER THE WHOLE STORY
INCREDIBLE ! BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?
DON'T KNOW BUT THINK WE SHOULD FIND OUT WHERE MISS THIET EWICK LIVES MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOME CLUES THERE
AND SO AFTER SCHOOL
GOSH WE'VE BEEN WALKING IN CIRCLES FOR AGES
YEAH BUT LOOK SHE'S HEADING BACK TO SCHOOL NOW
OH NO! SHE'S GOING DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL
OKAY JUDY
LOOK AT THAT!
GOSH! SHE SHE'S DISAPPEARING!
GONE ! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE ! IT MUST BE AN OPTICAL ILLUSION
SHIRLEY! COME BACK DON'T GO NEAR THAT ARCHWAY
OH NO! SHIRLEY'S DISAPPEARED TOO ! BUT WHERE OH WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER!
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HANNAH COMES HOME

HANNAH first saw the house when she was halfway across the Indian Ocean.

She had been lying back in her chair on the upper deck, doing nothing more than watching the warm sun making rainbow patterns on her half-closed eyes — and, there it was. A long-shaped, rather low building, with a thatched porch and a tiled path with tiny spears of grass showing here and there.

It looked quite old, Hannah decided, seeing the small lattice windows and broad timber beams which streaked the front walls. . . If it weren't for the throb of the ship's engines and the steady lapping of the sea close by, she could easily have believed she was dreaming.

Then suddenly, the vision was blotted out by a shadow which fell across Hannah's face.

"Nearly time for tea!" announced a familiar voice. "You coming?"

Hannah gave a deep sigh and opened her eyes.

"Brothers can be a real nuisance," she complained, squinting in the glare from a pair of spectacles perched at the end of a freckled nose. "Why can't you leave me in peace for once, Jamie?"

Jamie shrugged his shoulders and pulled at a loose thread on his shorts. "You only seemed to be having a bit of a day-dream, that's all. I knew you weren't really asleep."

"No," agreed Hannah, thinking of the house again. "I wasn't asleep."

"Mum sent me to find you. Mrs Hayes-Bissett has cornered her in the refreshment lounge, and I think we're meant to act as the rescue party. You know what she's like once she starts rabbiting on."

"No wonder there are quite a few people on deck," Hannah commented as she and Jamie strolled along. "Poor Mum!"

"What were you thinking of, Hannah?" asked Jamie. "You know, when you were dozing just now?"

Hannah hesitated, the picture of the thatched porch and tiled path seeming to float on the sunny horizon.

"Going home," she replied slowly.

"I knew it must've been something like that. Everyone thinks travelling around is ever so exciting, seeing different places and meeting lots of people. But it isn't so nice when you haven't got anywhere to come back to."

Jamie's voice sounded so sad and forlorn that Hannah gave his hand a rare squeeze.

"Won't be for much longer," she comforted. "Only another week or so, and we'll be back in England, and then —"

Hannah stopped, becoming aware of a shrill voice rising above the chink of tea-cups.

"It must be very tiring for you, Mrs. Langton, keeping an eye on two children while your husband's in the Army. I don't know how you do it!"

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"Hannah and Jamie aren't such little monsters, Mrs. Hayes-Bissett," they heard their Mother saying. "And John gets his discharge in about six months, so we'll all be together again quite soon."

"Wishful thinking dear, if you ask me," pronounced Mrs Hayes-Bissett, her double chin wobbling near the tray of sweet biscuits. "Your hubby's got to find a job for one thing, then there's the question of somewhere to live which you can afford —"

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"It so happens," Hannah burst out, making everyone jump, "it so happens that we're going to a very nice house indeed!"

Mother almost dropped her cup, and Jamie gaped at her, dumbfounded. But Hannah pressed on, glaring fiercely at Mrs. Hayes-Bissett.

"It's a beautiful old place with a tiled path leading up to the front door, beams on the outside walls, a thatched porch, and-and —"

"How strange you didn't tell me anything about this house," interrupted Mrs. Hayes-Bissett, turning to Hannah's Mother. "Yet your daughter seems to know all the details!"

"The cable's only just come from Daddy," Hannah almost shouted. "The steward asked me to sign for it, and he said I'd better read it, in case there was any answer."

"And was there any answer?" Hannah thought Mrs. Hayes-Bissett's voice sounded mocking.

"I-I don't know. That's why we've come, to ask Mum."

"You'd better come and read it, Mum!" Hannah went on, desperately tugging at her Mother's arm.

Mother glanced helplessly at Mrs. Hayes-Bissett who sat smiling rather stiffly over the sugar-basin.

"Sorry to have to leave you, Mrs. Hayes-Bissett," she called feebly. "But we shall be seeing you later, no doubt."

"No doubt at all," growled Jamie, when they were safely out of earshot.

"No need to be rude, Jamie," Mother scolded. "I've already had quite enough of Hannah and the fibs she told about the house we're supposed to be having!"

"Wasn't it all true then, Hannah?" Jamie demanded indignantly. "The way you were talking, I thought it was real!"

"I must admit," Mother sighed, "I thought the same thing at first. Then I realised that Daddy wouldn't have a chance to go house-hunting while he's on emergency standby duty."

Hannah drooped her head miserably.

"I-I know I shouldn't have said all that — but I had a sort of a dream — about a house where we could all live. And I just hated the things Mrs. Hayes-Bissett was saying, making you worry."

"Well, thank goodness she's getting off at the next port of call," said Mother with feeling. Only another couple of days, and I shan't have to worry what to say to her about it."

HANNAH COMES HOME

"Anyway," she added, smiling, "it was a lovely day-dream while it lasted!"

But it was far more real than just a day-dream, Hannah thought. The house always seemed to be with her, whilst she was playing deck tennis with Jamie, gazing out at the endless stretch of ocean, or simply lying on her cabin bunk.

Gradually, the browns and yellows of the thatched porch would appear, then the walls, the door and the windows, as if an invisible hand were unveiling a beautiful oil painting. Or the depths of the sea would seem to be hiding an expanse of tall, overgrown grass, broken only by golden-brown pears which had fallen from gnarled branches, high above.

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Sometimes, Hannah could see inside the house, too, through the thick wooden front door and along the wide passage with wooden panels either side. There was a small flight of stairs leading to a cellar, with a big, tiled kitchen directly above. Mum would need to get rid of the old-fashioned range, and scrap the shallow clay sink — but there would be plenty of room, with a lovely view of a little orchard through the window, and the old summer-house which Jamie could use for his den.

Fortunately for Hannah's Mother, Mrs. Hayes-Bissett had forgotten to ask anything more about the house. She seemed too excited at the thought of arriving at the Seychelles, and seeing her husband again.

"A perfect gentleman, my hubby!" she kept saying. "He's ordered lots of flowers for our room at the hotel, with a special candlelight dinner and all the trimmings, he says!"

"What's more," Mrs. Hayes-Bissett rambled on, "I've told Bernard all about you and the kiddies, Mrs. Langton. And he's hired a car to take us all souvenir hunting together! Won't that be nice?"

"Well —," began Mother doubtfully, "it's very kind of you, and we'd truly love to come, but —"

"Say no more!" Mrs. Hayes-Bissett's deck chair gave a groan of protest as she hauled herself to her feet. "I'll leave you to sort out your best clothes for tomorrow's trip, then!"

They stood together, watching the plump figure waddling along the deck towards the first class cabins.

"Beats me how she always manages to get her own way," Jamie observed with a certain amount of admiration. "Still, maybe it won't be quite so bad as we think, eh?"

"Depends what her husband's like," said Hannah, darkly.

As it happened, Mr. Hayes-Bissett was quite a nice man, chubby like his wife, but with a soft voice, and a kind smile — a bit like a cuddly teddy bear, Hannah thought privately. He didn't say much, but then, Mrs. Hayes-Bissett always did most of the talking, anyway.

"I thought we'd go and see the natives cooking fish on the beach," she announced. "A barbecue meal always has that extra-special flavour, don't you agree? It's our special treat, isn't it, Bernard, dear?"

"Anything you say, Amelia," drawled Mr. Hayes-Bissett. "Just sit back and enjoy the ride!"

It was a beautiful car, smooth-running, comfortable and with an engine that purred like a contended cat warming itself by a large, open fire burning brightly in the hearth.

"Mum," began Hannah, once Mrs. Hayes-Bissett was busy organising the barbecued fish, "how much would it cost if we did find a house, do you think? An old house that nobody else wanted?"

"Hannah dear, I know what you're thinking of," Mother broke in, "but even very old houses cost more than we can afford. Daddy says we'll have to start with a little flat."

"But we've lived in lots of little flats. Ever since I can remember."

Mother gave Hannah a quick hug.

"Now, cheer up, and let's enjoy this gorgeous sunshine while we can. Jamie will have drunk all the pineapple punch if we hang back for much longer!"

Mrs. Hayes-Bissett also insisted on buying them each a souvenir of their visit — a knife shaped like a buffalo horn which instantly brought a wide smile of thanks from Jamie, and a silk handkerchief "to keep for best" for Mother.

"Now," said Mrs. Hayes-Bissett, "what about something for the little girl?" She dragged Hannah towards a native girl selling charms at the end of a narrow little street. "Choose anything you like, my dear!" she urged. "It's entirely up to you!"

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The native girl's brown eyes looked so pleading that Hannah at once felt sorry for her, and picked a beetle set into a golden blob of hardened resin, threaded on a thick chain.

"Poor thing only went to suck something sweet from the tree," Mrs. Hayes-Bissett remarked. "Still, at least it means you've got something pretty to wear!"

"Time to break up the party I'm afraid, Amelia," murmured Mr. Hayes-Bissett, fingering a beautiful gold wrist-watch. "It's almost half-past."

Mrs. Hayes-Bissett clambered into the car, flashing half a dozen rings as she waved her hand.

"Goodbye, then! Don't forget to write and let me know when you're settled in your house of yours!"

That night, Hannah lay in the cabin, idly examining the beetle pendant. It really was rather nice, she told herself, peering closely at the tiny creature enclosed in the resin. There was a bit of a blur where the beetle had struggled to move a spindly leg from its trap, but otherwise it was perfect. And she loved the way it caught the light as it swung from her neck.

Hannah nestled back into the pillows, feeling happy. In a few days, they'd be home again in England, maybe seeing Daddy, and then they could all look forward to being in their own home, at last.

Hannah could see the house much more clearly now, as if she were drifting from one room to another, listening to the creeper tap-tapping against the upstairs windows and the wood pigeons cooing on the roof.

And there were voices, too — excited voices, with someone giggling in the background. Footsteps began echoing up the stairs, and Hannah felt herself remembering every game of hide-and-seek which she and Jamie had ever played — opening doors, looking for somewhere to hide, trying not to laugh.

From far away, it seemed, someone was calling her name: "Hannah! Hey, Hannah, give it a rest, can't you?"

"You were kicking up a right din just now," Jamie continued reproachfully. "What was so funny?"

"I-I dreamed I was playing a sort of game," Hannah explained faintly, looking dazedly at the day clothes which she still wore. "I didn't realise I'd fallen asleep."

"My pendant!" she cried out, clutching at the empty chain glinting softly against her dress. "Where's my beetle pendant, the one Mrs. Hayes-Bissett bought?"

"Probably broke off the chain while you were wriggling around laughing at that dream," Jamie suggested. "We'll soon find it!"

But the pendant refused to be found, despite a systematic search of cupboards, drawers, suitcases, bed-clothes, shoes — even under the corners of the cabin carpet.

"Must have fallen off somewhere else," Jamie said at last. "We'll call in at the Purser's Office tomorrow and see if it's been handed in. " 'Night, Hannah."

Hannah crept between the sheets, staring out at the stars through the port-hole, and making up her mind that the pendant couldn't possibly be found anywhere else on the ship.

She was just wondering how to explain its mysterious disappearance to her Mother, when she drifted into comfortable slumber, dreaming about the house again.

But there was a letter in the Purser's Office next morning. Father's large, firm writing was unmistakable, and Hannah could hardly wait for her Mother to read it.

"How lovely!" Mother exclaimed, turning over a page, and Hannah held her breath. "Uncle Peter's going to meet us at Southampton, and we're going to stay with him, Aunt Sophie, your cousin Brian and the new baby girl! They've just bought a house in the country!"

"A house in the country," Hannah repeated, trying not to feel jealous.

"Yes, dear, and Daddy says he should be able to get a few days' leave soon after we arrive. Isn't that nice?"

It was certainly something to look forward to, Hannah told herself, watching the blue sky turning to grey and streaked with the flash of a bird's wing here and there. And she would be

OVER...

HANNAH COMES HOME

seeing Daddy again, after more than two months. If only, she thought with a pang, as a vision of thatch and red tiles floated into view, if only—

"Better put on a thicker jacket, Hannah," came her Mother's voice. "We're on the last lap home."

Hannah hardly remembered the ship docking at Southampton. Uncle Peter's smiling face, or Jamie and Brian helping to haul the luggage into the car. Once or twice, she found herself listening to Uncle Peter telling her Mother what a first-class engineer John, her Father, was, and how he hoped to find a workshop somewhere nearby.

"Unfortunately, it all costs money," said Uncle Peter, pointing out the obvious drawback. "Then there's a house, of course."

Hannah bit her lip, and stared stonily out of the window.

A thatched roof was coming into sight just as it had so many times. But now, there were trees all around. trees which waved their branches in a wind which Hannah could feel blowing through her hair.

"Uncle Peter!" she shouted, her pointing finger trembling in excitement. "Is that house the one with the thatched porch and the square chimneys?"

Brian glanced round. "Oh, that's the old Moat House," he informed Hannah casually. "Nice old place. Nobody lives there, though."

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"Couldn't we stop, just for a minute, Uncle Peter?" Hannah pleaded. "I'd love to see 'round it really I would!"

Uncle Peter smiled. "I think Brian will be happy to oblige, after you've unpacked and settled in, Hannah! The house won't disappear in the night, you know!"

"Of course, the Moat House is a beautiful old building," Aunt Sophie admitted later on, when they had all sat down after tea, and Hannah was bouncing baby Susan on her knee. "It's got some lovely timber beams on the brickwork, a heavenly garden, and a dear little porch over the front door."

Her voice trailed away wistfully, and Mother stared open-mouthed at Hannah.

"Sounds just like the place you described to Mrs. Hayes Bissett, darling."

Hannah laughed happily. "That's right, Mum! And Uncle Peter says we can go and see it, first thing tomorrow! You'll come with us, won't you?"

Mother hesitated, glancing at Aunt Sophie's doubtful face. Uncle Peter spoke first.

"I think, perhaps we ought to tell you. The house has the reputation of being haunted. That's why it's been empty for years."

Hannah laughed again. "Haunted! People would say that about an old empty house. It won't do any harm to look around will it?"

Mother leaned across the table and patted Hannah's hand. "All right, she smiled. 'we'll go and see what it's like. That's if we can get into the place."

"I don't think the Agents even bother to keep it locked now," volunteered Uncle Peter. "But I'll check just in case."

"Great!" cried Jamie. "I've always wanted to track down a ghost!"

But the Moat House wasn't haunted, Hannah was sure about that. True, it was empty and neglected with patches of damp on the walls and papery silver trails left by long departed snails on the creaking floorboards. Some of the flagstones in the kitchen were cracked or broken, and the old range was full of holes where rust had eaten it away.

And, yet, as a pale, wintry sun dappled the walls with bright splashes and picked out bronzed ridges in the timber beams, the house seemed to be warm and welcoming. "as though it's just waking up after a snooze." Jamie said — and Hannah knew just what he meant.

"A garden—" Mother stared thoughtfully at the wilderness outside the kitchen window. "It would be lovely to have a garden where we could sit in the summer, enjoying all the things we'd planted in the spring. That old pear tree still looks healthy—"

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"And a summer house!" whooped Jamie, dashing out into the mass of tall grass. "That'd be great for my den!"

"Come and see the cellar, Mum!" Hannah urged grabbing her Mother's hand. "I bet Dad would like it for his workshop!"

Even Uncle Peter had to admit, the house seemed just right for them.

"It's not in bad condition, all things considered," he commented banging a splintered wooden panel emergent cally. "I'm quite sure the Agents would sell it for a song, just to get it off their books!"

Hannah took a deep breath. "Couldn't we ask Dad to come and see the house when he's on leave, Mum? He'd love it as much as we do, you know he would!"

"Well, I don't know what he'll say about coming into a haunted house," said Mother slowly, looking all around. "But we'll ask him, just the same!"

"Now don't get too carried away," Mother begged almost smothered by enthusiastic hugs and cries of delight from Jamie and Hannah. "Wait until Daddy has had an inspection of the house. And even then there may be lots of snags!"

Surprisingly, everything went much smoother than anyone imagined. Hannah's Father pronounced the Moat House as "easily the best bet so far," and agreed with Uncle Peter about the cellar making a perfect engineering workshop. It looked sturdily built, he said, and he'd always wanted to own a house with plenty of character.

"But what about the ghost?" put in Aunt Sophie.

"Doesn't feel like a haunted place to me," Father stated robustly. "It's a house we could afford, Shirley likes it, Hannah and Jamie can't wait to move in, and I've got a built-in workshop. That ghost has got a fight on its hands if it wants to scare us away!"

"Come along!" he ordered in his loud voice, and ushered them all towards the door. "We'll go and see the Agents now. No time like the present!"

The next few weeks passed in a flurry of signing papers, writing letters, telephone calls and packing cases. Hannah, Jamie and Brian spent nearly every afternoon after school helping to tidy the garden, painting the summer-house and carting away lots of rubbish for plumbers and electricians.

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"Funny, they always seem to be in a hurry to get away," Jamie observed one day, and they all laughed. Ghosts seemed very far away from the Moat House now.

"Seems true enough about the Moat House once being haunted, though," Brian informed them, when they had all been talking about it over coffee and sandwiches in the half-completed kitchen. "Our teacher said there was actual evidence in the County Library. So now's your chance to find out all about it!"

Hannah looked unhappily at Jamie. He had stopped munching, and sat wriggling on an old cushion, tracing a crack in the flagstones with his finger.

"I suppose we ought to go, Jamie," Hannah said at last. "Otherwise we'll only keep wondering and thinking about it. I-I wish you hadn't told us, Brian."

"I like that!" Brian exploded. "How long d'you think it'd be before you heard it from somebody else?"

"I don't care what anyone says, anyway!" Jamie declared stoutly, but his voice shook a little. "We jolly well know the Moat House isn't haunted — don't we?"

But all the way on the bus to the county town, Hannah kept wondering what they might find at the library, half-wishing she'd told her Mother about the strange expedition.

Not that she believed a word about the Moat House legend, she reminded herself fiercely, as a young-looking lady librarian directed them towards a showcase at one end of the Reading Room.

"There's a few photographs, I think," she said, pointing a finger, "and another exhibit you may like to see."

By peering closely at the faded old photographs, it was just possible to make out a blurred face looking from the lattice windows, at the creeper and behind the pear tree. As Brian said: "It could be anything, really."

But, at the end of the row of photographs, there was the "other exhibit", discoloured and chipped, with a magnifying glass placed above it, highlighting every detail.

"DROPPED BY THE GHOST OF MOAT HOUSE", read the label underneath, "AND RETRIEVED BY LORD LEGGATT AS THE APPARITION FADED INTO THE WALL OF THE MAIN BEDROOM, 11TH OCTOBER, 1903. ORIGIN, UNKNOWN."

And although the resin, once golden-brown, had darkened with age, Hannah could still see the beetle, and the blue at one leg where it had tried to escape being trapped on a tree in the Seychelles, many miles away.

"Seen enough?" enquired Brian, after a pause. "Now what do you think?"

Hannah and Jamie grinned joyfully at each other.

"One thing's for sure," said Jamie, "Mrs. Hayes-Bissett would be tickled pink!"

And, laughing together, they rushed towards the door, leaving Brian to scratch his head in bewilderment, wondering what the joke was.

"Come on, let's run for the 'bus!" shouted Hannah joyfully, racing ahead of Brian and Jamie. "I can't wait to get home!"

THE END

continued from page 29

Haunting of Form 2 B

MISS PHOTTLEBUCK AND JASKINS SUDDENLY... THEY WALKED THROUGH THAT ARCH WAY AND SIMPLY DISAPPEARED!
THERE MISS PHOTTLEBUCK IS A GHOST BUT HOW COULD SHE SUDDENLY SIMPLY VANISH INTO THIN AIR... I'M NOT AFRAID TO TALK!
DON'T SCREAM MISS JOHNNY ME JASKINS THE JANITOR
PHEW YOU SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME
SORRY MISS BUT IN IT YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ARCHWAY
YES, JASKINS WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
DUNNO MISS BUT I UNCANNY FRIGHTENING EVERY TIME I TRY TO TELL SOMEONE WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH HERE ARCH!
JESUMS WHAT'S WRONG
MY HEAD THE PAIN IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN LOOK
HAT-HURRICANE LAMP I JUST ROSE INTO THE AIR BY ITSELF AND AND I'M LEAVING THIS BAD
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED ALL RIGHT
JESUMS HAS GONE HE MUST HAVE RUN OFF POOR MAN HE HAS EVEN MORE FRIGHTENED HAIR ME BUT IT'S TIME TO DO SOMEONE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE
AND SO, AT THE POLICE STATION
WELL WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU YOUNG LADY
I'VE COME TO REPORT THAT OUR SCHOOL IS HAUNTED!

THEN SHIRLEY'S MUM ARRIVED HOME
JUDY! OH SHIRLEY WE BOTH YOU THAT VICTORIAN STYLE DRESS YOU WANTED
OH NO THAT'S WHY SHIRLEY DIED! EVERY THING SHE'S BECOME ONE OF MISS PRETTLEFORCE'S VICTIMS!
DON'T GO AWAY YET JUDY HEY YOU'VE DROPPED SOME THING. LOOK WHAT A COINCIDENCE WE'VE GOT THE SAME OLD VICTORIAN PHOTO UPSTAIRS BUT OURS ISN'T TORN
CAN I BE IT PLEASE
LATER
THAT'S SHIRLEY'S GREAT GREAT AUNT THAT'S MARILYN'S THAT'S JUDE'S AND THAT'S A MOVIE
WOW! ALL THE GIRLS IN THE PHOTO THEY'RE ALL ONE OF THESE THINGS THEY'RE VICTIMS
THE GIRL ON THE FAR RIGHT WHO'S SHE
I JUST KNEW SOMEONE KNOW
THAT NIGHT
HE'S A GIRL HER DESCENDANT MUST BE THE NEXT VICTIM
THEN SUDDENLY A TERRIFYING ICE AGE HIT
OH NO I CAN'T BE
EARLY MORNING PHOTO WHO'S THE GIRL ON THE RIGHT
OH WHY LOOKS LIKE CYNTHIA JONES IT'S HER YOUR GREAT GREAT AUNT
OH NO I'M THE NEXT VICTIM
AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT
GOOD OH JUDY YOUR FRIENDS ARE WAITING TO GO WITH YOU TO SCHOOL
OH THAT'S STRANGE SHE AND MARILYN HAVEN'T COME ROUND FOR DAYS NOW
LOOK AT THEM THEIR EYES ARE SO STRANGE

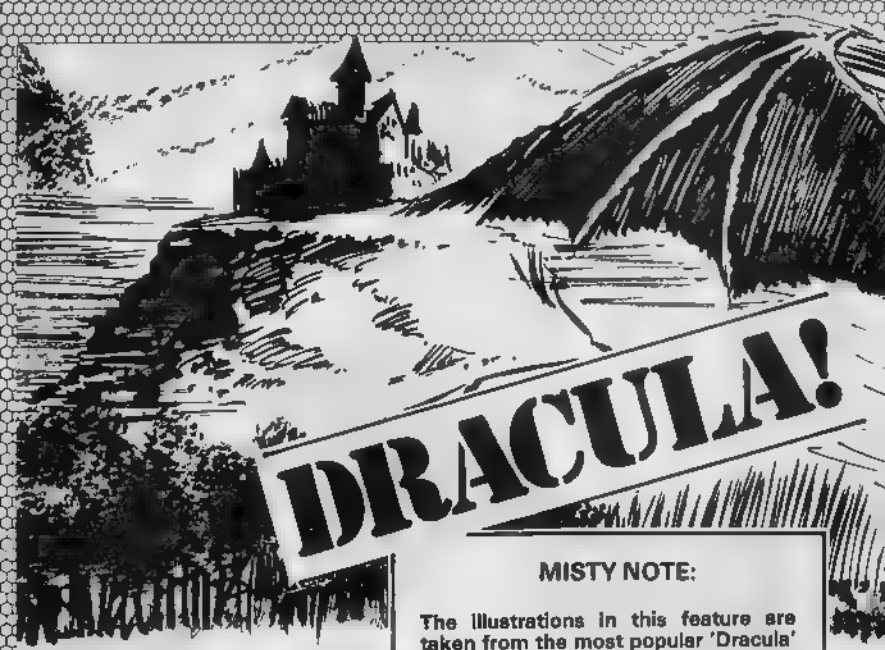
Trapped in Time?

continued on page 129

A true-life story to get your teeth into...

DRACULA!

Dracula wasn't always a late night horror film.
Oh, no.
He was a real man all right. More than one in fact. And woman, too. And before him there were, of course, the bats. The vampire bats.
over...



DRACULA!

MISTY NOTE:

The illustrations in this feature are taken from the most popular 'Dracula' stories to appear in the weekly 'Misty'.

There are three types of vampire bats all living in South America, small creatures, scarcely bigger than a mouse. Tailless and brown they are able to run and leap with considerable agility. They live by sucking the blood of cattle and domestic pets and very occasionally of human beings. Often the victim is asleep and has no knowledge of what is happening.

Those visited in this way do not become vampires themselves, however. Indeed, the bite is quite tiny and insignificant. The real danger is these bats are very often the carriers of rabies.

There seems little doubt that such creatures when observed by ancient peoples were at the origin of all the vampire legends. Imagine their fears at seeing one who had been bitten go into the dreadful throes of rabies. To simple minds he would seem like one possessed and if in their agony they killed themselves there was another link in the primitive mind for the true vampire was said to be the unquiet soul of either a suicide or a heretic.

Suicides were not permitted to be buried in holy ground but were usually interred at a crossroads outside the town and with a small wooden stake driven through the heart, another link with vampires.

✡ ✡ ✡ ✡

With the passing of the centuries folklore associated with vampires grew throughout Asia and Europe but especially so in the Slav countries whose history soon contributed further to the legend that culminated in the story of Dracula.

Many people consider the name Dracula was derived from that of Prince Vlad Dracul who ruled the Slavonic country of Wallachia from 1456 to 1462 and was a hero to his people because of his defiance of the Turkish invader. Unfortunately he seems to have had none of Dracula's characteristics though he was certainly bloodthirsty. He liked nothing better than to impale his prisoners on a sharp wooden stake and listen to their cries of misery while he ate a hearty meal.

Someone who displayed the habits of Dracula as we have come to know them was a woman, the Countess Elizabeth Bathory of Hungary who was born in 1560. Her rather chubby, baby face hid the soul of a cruel and evil woman. She toured her lands extensively and wherever she stayed, be the visit brief or long, her first concern was always to fit out a torture chamber. Her staff were organised into kidnapping young girls for her

who were pitilessly tortured to death for the simple reason that the Countess believed that if she bathed in her victim's blood she would keep her good health and her skin would retain the milk white sheen then fashionable among beauties. There was no escape from this dreadful monster who in fifteen years was responsible for the deaths of more than six hundred peasant girls. Finally she paid the price for she was condemned to be bricked up alive in one of her many castles.

Her story and the vampire legends surrounding it must have been heard by the English poet Lord Byron who travelled a great deal about Europe. In a gloomy, creepy palace in which his friend the poet Shelley was staying in Switzerland one day the two friends and Shelley's wife, Mary, agreed they should see who could write the creepiest story. Mary Shelley wrote 'Frankenstein, while Byron dreamed up a story called 'The Vampyre' which he never bothered to write down.

His doctor and secretary a young man called Polidori did, however, and the novel, about a handsome young aristocrat, some think meant to be Byron himself, who needs the blood of young girls was a popular success for many years. He is described as gaunt and melancholy with piercing eyes and there is really no doubt that the author of 'Dracula' was familiar with the character for he worked as secretary to the greatest actor of the day and for many years there were several play versions of 'The Vampyre' which toured very successfully both in England and America.

Bram Stoker who was to become famous as the creator of 'Dracula' was a remarkable Irishman born in Dublin in 1847. He was a very weak and sickly child and was for many years not expected to live. Indeed, he did not walk until he was seven years old. Yet despite this unpromising start he became a fine athlete and football player while at Dublin University. After that he spent ten years as a rather dull civil

over. .

servant but all the time writing dramatic criticism for an Irish paper for which he was never paid. When the great English actor Sir Henry Irving toured Ireland Bram Stoker met him and became his manager, a job he kept for twenty seven years until Irving died.

He turned to writing fiction very late and Dracula was not published until he was fifty. The Victorians thought it to be a very shocking book but it was a great success nevertheless. The descriptions of Dracula's homeland Transylvania were so telling that many people thought the author must have travelled there but in fact all his information was gleaned from books

Unlike the Dracula of the films the Count in the novel is not an obvious villain from the start but an apparently charming and civilised man whom before it becomes absolutely clear what misery and villainy the vampire is capable of spreading.

Stoker died in 1912 and the first film of Dracula was made by a German, F.W. Murnau, in 1922. Unfortunately he did not bother to get permission or buy the rights and altered the story considerably. Bram Stoker's widow was very angry and brought a lawsuit which she won only months before the first play adapted from the book went on the stage in the U.S.A. in a version the author's widow approved.

It was this play that was the basis of the first talking Dracula film in 1931. The Count was played by a Hungarian actor, with a thick accent, Bela Lugosi who had an instant success in the part but who, all his life, found himself unable to escape from the sinister part. Finally he was buried in the cloak he had first worn as Dracula.

It was some years before a sequel to Lugosi's film appeared and this was 'Dracula's Daughter' in which the Count only appeared as a dead body and his daughter was concerned only to exorcise the curse of vampirism in her family.

DRACULA!

But throughout the nineteen thirties the character of Dracula appeared in a number of films, though not always played by Lugosi. Sadly he was taken less and less seriously during the war years and ended up frightening such comedians as Abbot and Costello and Old Mother Riley.

It looked as though nobody would ever hear of Count Dracula again but in the 1950s Hammer films embroidering on some of the old Hollywood scripts revived the story this time in colour and their series of films made a reputation for actor Christopher Lee who always played Dracula and for Peter Cushing who was always Van Helsing his enemy the relentless Vampire Hunter.

By the early 1960s Hammer seemed to have run out of Dracula stories but you can't keep a good vampire down and he was soon rising from the dead once again when the Hammer films were shown on late night television. But even that wasn't enough

In the U.S.A. the original 1927 play version was revived and in 1978 brought to London's West End but as though you can't have enough of a bad thing there were soon two play versions of Dracula in London theatres, one of them, a musical.

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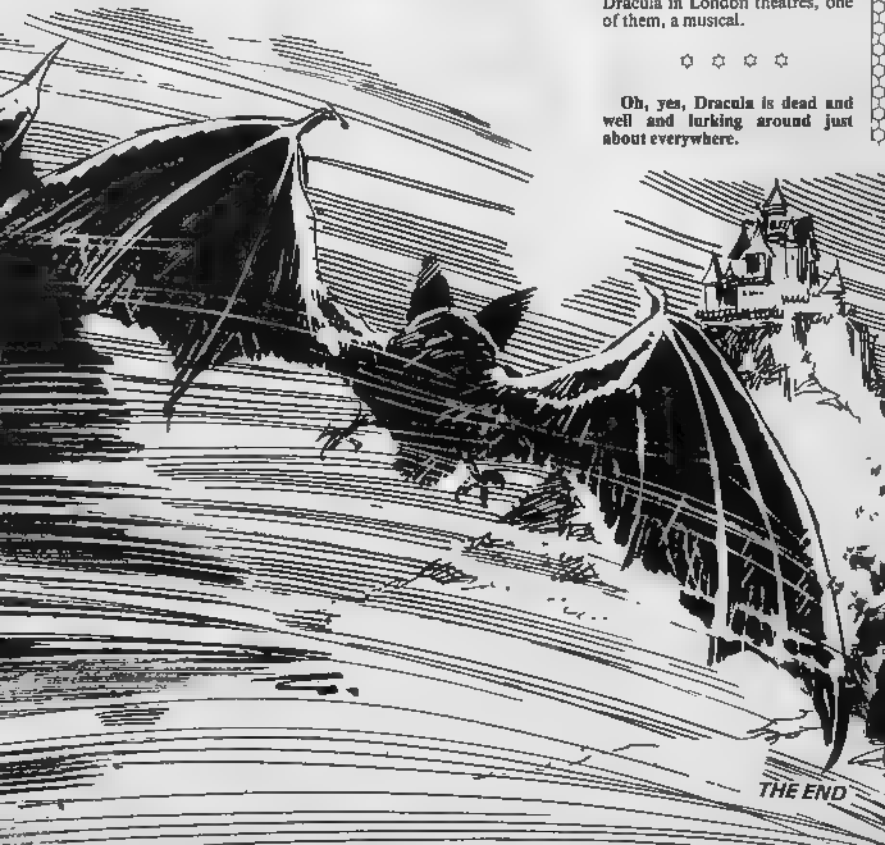
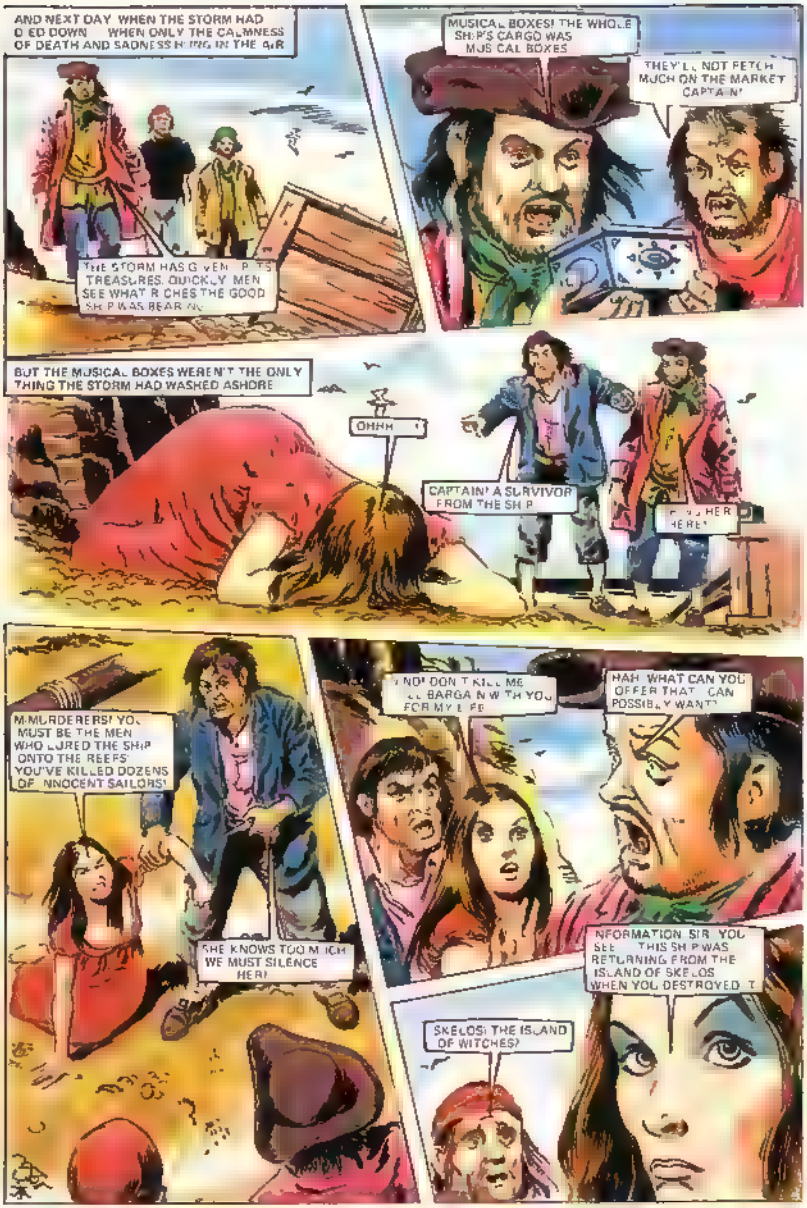
Oh, yes, Dracula is dead and well and lurking around just about everywhere.

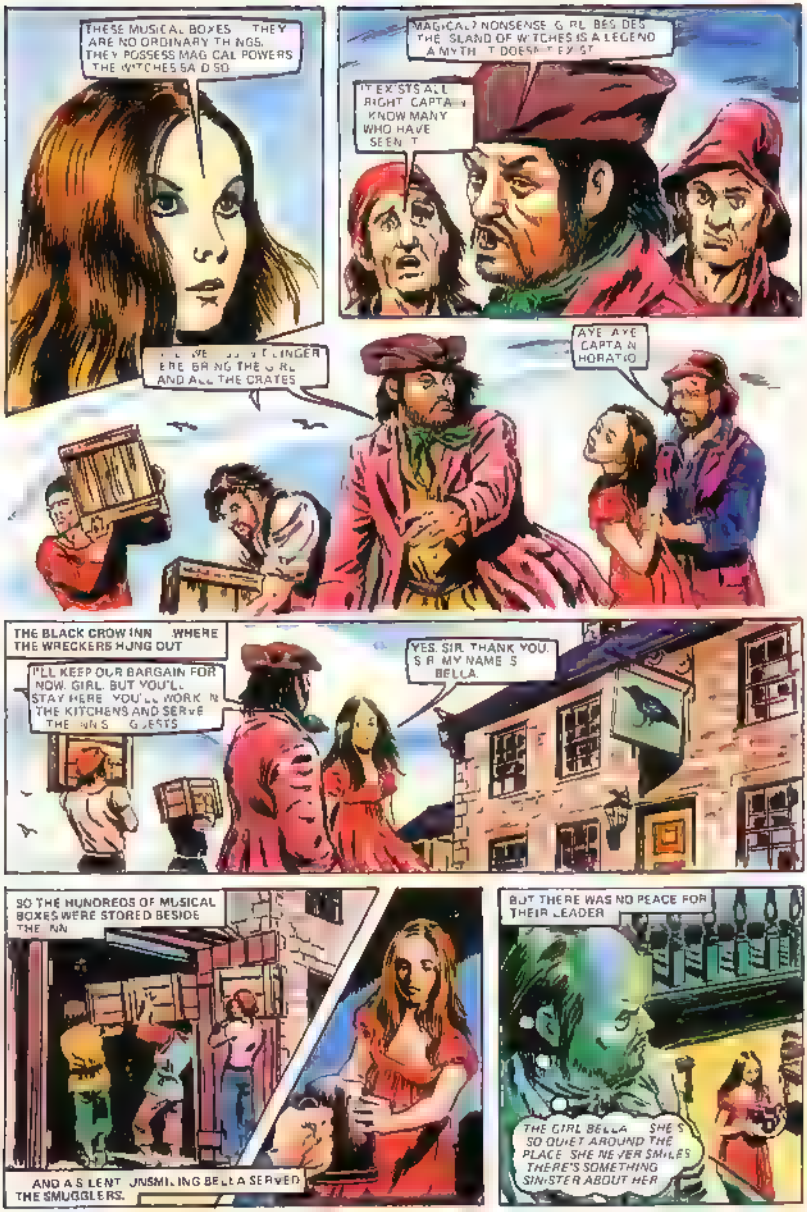


THE END

Miss T
PARKING
SOMETHING SMELLS GOOD!
SNEAKY SLURP
LAUNDRY
CREAK
LATE NIGHT HORROR MOVIE
Beware of the Dog
WARF
Beware of the Dog
BURP
POOF
HO HO! THAT PESKY COCKEREL WON'T WAKE ME TOMORROW
I CHANGED HIM INTO A PIG!
Z
COCK-A DOODLE GRUNT!
EG

A STORM-FILLED VIOLENT NIGHT AND THE TRADING SHIP VULTURE WAS IN DANGER OF FOUNDERING
A Little Night Music...
THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS WERE OBEYED BUT THE LIGHT DRAWS THE VULTURE TO ITS DOOM
AYE A LIGHT A LAST WE'VE SPOTTED
S THE BEACON THE BEACON WILL GUIDE IS SAFELY THROUGH REEF HARD TO
GOOD WORK BOSUN PUT OUT YOUR LANTERN THE SHIP HAS HIT THE REEFS
THEY'RE DEAD MEN NOW CAPTAIN HORAT
AT THE RETURN OF DEATH IN THE MORNING WE'LL BE RICH BEYOND FOR US ALL


AND NEXT DAY WHEN THE STORM HAD
D ED DOWN WHEN ONLY THE CALMNESS
OF DEATH AND SADNESS H NG IN THE AIR
THE STORM HAS G VEN P TS
TREASURES. QUICKLY MEN
SEE WHAT R CHES THE GOOD
SH P WAS BEAR NG
MUSICAL BOXES! THE WHOLE
SHIP'S CARGO WAS
MUS CAL BOXES
THEY'LL NOT FETCH
MUCH ON THE MARKET
CAPTAIN'
BUT THE MUSICAL BOXES WEREN'T THE ONLY
THING THE STORM HAD WASHED ASHORE
OHHH !
CAPTAIN! A SURVIVOR
FROM THE SH P
F ND HER
HERE!
MURDERERS! YOU
MUST BE THE MEN
WHO LURED THE SHIP
ONTO THE REEFS
YOU'VE KILLED DOZENS
OF INNOCENT SAILORS!
SHE KNOWS TOO M CH
WE MUST SILENCE
HER
NO! DON T KILL ME
L BARGA N WITH YOU
FOR MY L FE
HAH! WHAT CAN YOU
OFFER THAT CAN
POSSIBLY WANT?
NFORMATION SIR YOU
SEE THIS SH P WAS
RETURNING FROM THE
ISLAND OF SKELOS
WHEN YOU DESTROYED T
SKELOS! THE ISLAND
OF WITCHES?


THESE MUSICAL BOXES THEY ARE NO ORDINARY TH NGS. THEY POSSESS MAG CAL POWERS THE WITCHES SA D SO
MAGICAL? NONSENSE G RL BES DES THE SLAND OF W TCHES IS A LEGEND A MYTH T DOESN'T EX ST
IT EX STS ALL RIGHT CAPTA N KNOW MANY WHO HAVE SEEN T
AYE AYE CAPTA N HORATIO
THE BLACK CROW INN WHERE THE WRECKERS HUNG OUT
I'LL KEEP OUR BARGAIN FOR NOW. GIRL. BUT YOU'LL STAY HERE YOU'LL WORK N THE KITCHENS AND SERVE THE INNS G ESTS
YES SIR. THANK YOU S R MY NAME S BELLA
SO THE HUNDREDS OF MUSICAL BOXES WERE STORED BESIDE THE INN
AND AS LENT UNSMILING BELLA SERVED THE SMUGGLERS.
BUT THERE WAS NO PEACE FOR THEIR LEADER
THE GIRL BELLA SHE S SO QUIET AROUND THE PLACE SHE NE VER SMILES THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT HER

WITCHFINDER

IT WAS 1645 when the chill of the witch-hunters swept across the Eastern Counties of England Fired by the tension and suspicions of the open war of 1642 witchcraft, it seems, was rife and the simple-minded Puritan attitudes of the people demanded that it be wiped out.

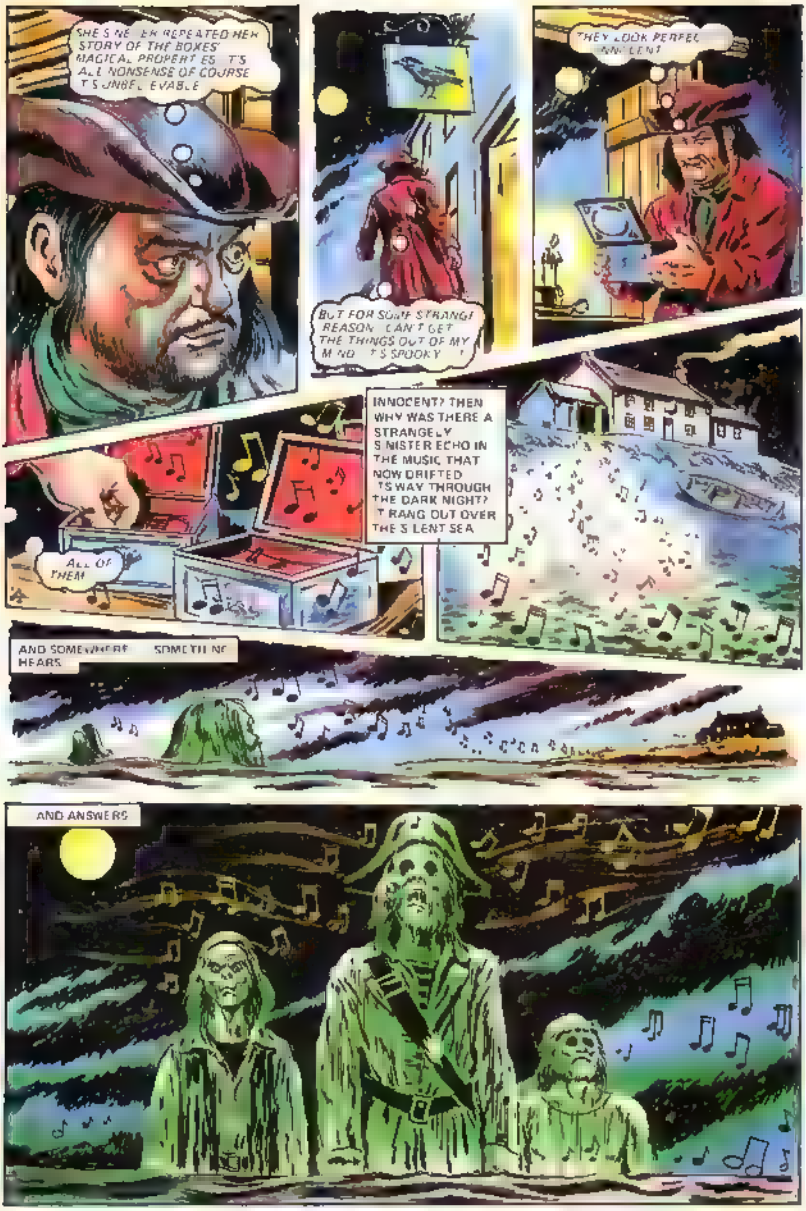
From the ranks of bigoted preachers, anxious to profit from the mass hysteria, Matthew Hopkins of Manningtree swiftly stepped into the limelight Although he had been an unsuccessful lawyer, Hopkins manner was domineering and forceful. He easily impressed judges and local authorities alike Soon, his methods of interrogation, including starvation and solitary confinement of suspects, brought confessions of guilt. Public hangings quickly followed and his reputation spread throughout Essex and the surrounding counties. Hopkin's ludicrous claims that warts, moles and flea bites were marks of the Devil led many a female to the gallows Any women keeping cats, dogs or birds as pets were prime suspects, as these creatures were supposed to be 'familiars' or demons in disguise One old lady was forced to confess that her three birds had made a cow jump over a stile.

Local authorities gladly paid handsomely for Hopkins and his two assistants to rid them of their witches. In Kings Lynn he pocketed £15, in Stowmarket £23 — by which time he proclaimed himself the "Witchfinder General".

He is thought to have disposed of some 400 women between 1645 and 1646, the majority of them with the active co operation of local people. Fortunately, his reign of terror only lasted for 14 months before people began to doubt his motives. John Gaule, a Huntingdon parson, was largely responsible for Hopkin's downfall when he published a pamphlet questioning the witchfinder's methods of interrogation.

Matthew Hopkins retired to Manningtree, a rich man in 1646. Some say he was tortured and executed after being accused of witchcraft himself by his neighbours. But it is more likely he died of tuberculosis.

THE END


SHE'S NEVER REPEATED HER STORY OF THE BOXES' MAGICAL PROPERTIES. IT'S ALL NONSENSE OF COURSE IT'S UNBELIEVABLE
BUT FOR SOME STRANGE REASON I CAN'T GET THE THINGS OUT OF MY MIND. IT'S SPOOKY.
THEY LOOK PERFECTLY INNOCENT
INNOCENT? THEN WHY WAS THERE A STRANGELY SINISTER ECHO IN THE MUSIC THAT NOW DRIFTED ITS WAY THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT? IT RANG OUT OVER THE SILENT SEA
ALL OF THEM
AND SOMEWHERE SOMETHING HEARS
AND ANSWERS

AND IF ANY THOUGHT FILLED THEIR DEAD DECAYED MINDS IT WAS ONLY
NO GET BACK
GET BACK!
AS HE STEPPED CAPTAIN HORATIOS ARMS KNOCKED MORE BOXES TO THE FLOOR MORE MUSIC REACHED OUT THROUGH THE NIGHT
AND
WHAT WAS ON THOSE HEARD THE CAPTAIN SCREAM
HUNDREDS OF EYES

THEY WANTED ONLY ONE THING VENGEANCE
AND LATER WHEN THE SPRINGS IN THE MUSICAL BOXES RAN DOWN AND THE SONGS OF TUNES BEGAN TO FADE
THE SEA TOOK BACK ITS CHILDREN AND ALL WAS STILL
I TOLD YOU CAPTAIN HORAT THE MUSICAL BOXES DID HAVE MAGICAL POWERS THEY SUMMONED THE SPIRITS OF ALL THE POOR SAILORS YOU HAD MURDERED OVER THE YEARS
YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE BELIEVED ME YOU SEE BEFORE THE SHIP PICKED ME UP I LIVED ALL MY LIFE ON THE ISLAND OF SEE GOS
AND WITCHES NEVER DIE
The End

A New Leaf for Nancy

BE THIS IS OUR NEW HOME WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT
GOLLY AND WHAT A DIFFERENCE FROM OUR OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD EVER THINGS CHANGED FOR US
IT WAS ONE OF THE SADDEST MORNINGS OF NANCY KAY'S LIFE WHEN SHE MOVED HOUSE WITH HER PARENTS
ALL BECAUSE DAD LOST HIS JOB MOM LOOK AT HIM AND MUM THE BOTH LOOK SO BITTER AND SO DEFEATED
WHO'D OUT FOLKS
AND OUR NEW PLACE IS SO DIFF'RENT FROM OUR OLD PLAN DOWN
AND THE BACK GARDEN OH HOW UGLY IT IS
Pretty ugly but the back
WHAT A FUNNY OLD TREE
IT ALL WITHERED LOOKING AND HALF BURNT
AND THERE'S HARDLY ANY LEAVES ON IT AND WHEN I THINK OF THE BEAUTIFUL PLANTS IN THE GARDEN OF OUR OLD HOUSE COULD CRY
OH SO THESE MUST BE THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS
YOU THE NEW FOLK WHAT'S MOVED IN?

TO KEEP AWAY FROM THAT TREE IF WAS YOU
THIS TREE? WHY?
CAUSE THE OLD DEAR WHAT LIVED HERE SAID IT WAS MAGIC BUT AS A BRUSH SHE WAS SAID AS NOW EVS IN THE LEAVES HAD POWER
POWER WHAT SORT OF POWER?
7.30am
HEY NANCY IT'S HALF PAST EIGHT TIME YOU WERE GETTING OFF TO YOUR NEW SCHOOL COME AND GET CHANGED
RIGHT O DAD
Nancy's hangd quickly
NO GOODBYES OR ANYTHING MY FIRST DAY AT THIS SCHOOL TOO
Ten minutes later
WELL THERE IT IS A LOT DIFFERENT FROM ST GILBERT'S GIRLS SCHOOL IT'S ANOTHER CHANGE I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO JUST HOPE THE GIRLS ARE NICE
Nancy was shown to her class
JOLLY LOOK AT THEM LYING ABOUT THE PLACE
SO DOWN A MINUTE GIRLS THIS IS NANCY KAY WHO'S JOINING YOU
AS YOU'LL SEE BY HER UNIFORM NANCY WAS A PUPIL AT ST GILBERT'S WELL YOU'LL BE THINGS A BIT DIFFERENT HERE AH BUT MORE YOU'LL SEE
YES MISS
NOBODY'S SAYING ANYTHING TO ME I'LL HAVE TO FIND A DESK BY MYSELF
At lunchtime, Nancy went back home
A SANDWICH THAT'S ALL THEY'VE GIVEN ME AND THEY'RE BOTH SITTING THERE WATCHING T.V IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY
OH HOW HORRIBLE EVERYTHING IS. EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE AND THIS STUPID TREE MAGIC POWER MY FOOT
Next morning
OHH THAT TRAIN PASSING THAT'S ALL I NEED IT'S JUST ABOUT SHAKING THE TREE TO BITS
Soon after Nancy was heading back to school
LOOKS LIKE THIS AFTERNOON WILL BE JUST AS BAD AS THIS MORNING BUT I'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IT

Soon, in class
ALL RIGHT YOU BUNCH OF LITTLE DOLLIES WANT AN ANSWER AND WANT IT NOW
GOLLY THIS TEACHER'S A REAL FOOLSHIE
COME ON OTHERWISE YOU'RE ALL GETTING DETENTION TONIGHT ALL OF YOU!
I'M WAITING BUT WON'T MUCH LONGER! WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO MY LITTLE SUM?
HEY KNOW IT KNOW THE ANSWER
EXCUSE ME ISN'T IT 3.00?
ER YES WELL DONE NEW GIRL
After class
HEY NANCY AIN'T YOU SAVED OUR BACON
YEAH THANKS A LOT NO DETENTION
OH IT WAS NOTHING SURPRISED MYSELF MORE THAN ANYTHING DIDN'T THINK KNEW THE ANSWER
HEY WHAT ABOUT COMING TO THE BATHS OR SOME SWIMMING?
SWIMMING? OH NO DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT AND I FORGOT MY SWIMSUIT AND ALL MY SPORTS THINGS.
Suddenly
HEY GIRLIE! YOUR MA ASKED US TO DROP THIS OFF SAID YOU MIGHT NEED IT
THE REMOVAL MEN? WHAT NEXT?
MY MY SPORTS BAG WITH MY SWIMSUIT HOW FANTASTIC!
THIS IS GREAT THOSE MEN TURNED UP JUST WHEN NEEDED THEM AND THEY LOOK NICE AFTER BEING SO ONLY THIS MORNING WHAT HAPPENED TO MAKE THEM HELP ME LIKE THIS
HANG ON NANCY
HEY YOU'VE A LEAF THING STUCK IN YOUR HAIR YOU MUST'VE BEEN WEARING IT ALL AFTERNOON
EH? A LEAF?
IT'S A LEAF FROM OUR TREE IT MUST'VE FALLEN ON ME WHEN THAT TRAIN SHOOK EVERYTHING THOSE NEIGHBOURS SAID I HAD SOME STRANGE POWER AND NOW NICE THINGS HAVE STARTED HAPPENING AND OH COME ON NANCY RAT IT CAN'T BE TRUE

STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT NOT JUST A LEAF IT'S TOO INCREDIBLE
BRICK STREET EATS
I'M SALLY GROVES YOU'RE QUITE A SWIMMER NANCY WHY DIDN'T YOU LET US KNOW HOW'S YOUR DIVING
WELL NOT TOO GOOD NEVER REALLY
C'MON LET'S SEE YOU BEAT THIS
WELL OKAY
HEY BUT YOU'RE FANTASTIC
DON'T UNDERSTAND I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN ABLE TO SWIM OR DIVE TH. WELL BEFORE
YOU DON'T KNOW BUT NOTHINGNESS AGAIN AND YOU'RE IN SCHOOL TEAM FROM NOW ON NANCY
GOLLY
WHAT'S MORE THINK YOU AND ARE GOING TO BE FRIENDS
THIS IS WONDERFUL SO MANY THINGS ARE TURNING OUT WELL FOR ME
YOU'RE GOING HOME TOGETHER LIKE REAL FRIENDS SURELY SURELY THIS CAN'T BE JUST BECAUSE OF THIS LEAF!
OH NO THE LEAF IT'S ALL BOTHERED
HEY WHAT'S WRONG

SALLY I'M SORRY CAN SEE YOU TOMORROW MAY TO HAVE A THINK
YEAH SURE
THERE'S NOTHING TO DO IN THE LEAF
HELLO TOFFEE NOSE BACK FROM OUR FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL ARE WE
YES SIR DON'T YOU GO TO SCHOOL AGGIE?
YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN' FINISHED WITH ALL THAT SKIDS STUFF LAST YEAR
YOU GO TO WORK THEN
THINK I'M A MUG CAN MAKE MORE AT THE BINGO AND NATIONAL ASSISTANCE CAN I
IS THAT ALL YOU DO ALL DAY?
NO I AIN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN 24 / 7 AROUND ALL THE TIME AND WATCH WOT YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GOIN ON AROUND HER YOU COME TO AGGIE
THANKS AGGIE I REMEMBER THAT
AGGIE COME IN MINUTE TOLD YOU WE DON'T WANNA BE WITH THAT STUCK UP LOT NEXT DOOR
SHE READY UP TO WEAR THAT JUST BECAUSE DAD HAD A GOOD JOB AND WE CAME FROM A BETTER NEIGHBOURHOOD THEY WAS BE NO SNOBS BUT IT'S ALL CHANGED FOR US
NOW THE TELLY WON'T WORK NOTHING GOES RIGHT FOR US
HI LUV DID YOU GO TO THE LABOUR EXCHANGE TODAY
AW THAT'S NO GOOD LABOUR EXCHANGES DON'T HAVE NO 1 WOT OF JOB ONCE YOU RE REDUNDANT YOU'RE ON THE SCRAP HEAP WHEN YOU VE DONE MY TYPE OF WORK
BUT DAD YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE UP IS YOU DON'T TRY FOR SOME SORT OF WORK NOW
EH? YOU THINK HAVEN'T TRIED? EVEN MY OLD FARTHER JACK MADE WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME PRACTICALLY WENT ON MY KNEES TO HIM ENDS WHEN TO FINISHED
BETTER OFF THE WASHING IN OH IF ONLY COULD WE PAID SOMEHOW

BU HOW 'D A PLACE LIKE THIS ? AND LOOK AT THAT TREE
MAGIC IN ? THAT'S THE LAST THING I LOOKE AS " A LEAF FROM " COULD
Suddenly
HEY A LEAF'S FALLING
OH
WHAT YOU UP TO NOW ?
WHY YOU STARING AT THAT TREE THAT'S WHAT THE OLD DEAR AS USED TO WE'RE DID YOU WANT WATCH YOU DON'T GO THE SAME WAY
SAINT RAY ? WHO DO YOU MEAN ?
SHE WAS A BI DAF TOLD YOU ABOUT HER THINK N THAT TREE WAS MAGIC
SO JUST WATCH YERSELF FORCEY ABOUT DAT MAGIC STORIES I DON'T GO DA ROUND HERE
SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT
WELL IT'S RIGHT ANYWAY OFF THE LAP I LL BE IN BITS BY NOW
BUT NEXT MORNING
COULD WARNING IS YOUR FATHER IN IS BACK MADE AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS
WHY YES COME IN
HI HERE I'VE
HE
HEY SOME LAD FIXED N THE WASHING TOOK N
THIS MR MADE DOES ALL FRIEND I HOPE HE'S COME TO OFFER DAD A JOB IS G THE POWER OF THIS LEAF WORKING ONCE AGAIN

Monsieur Soleil
NANCY! YOUR DAD'S BEEN OFFERED A JOB! LOOKS LIKE OUR LUCK'S CHANGING
POOR OLD MUM! HAVEN'T SEEN HER SMILE LIKE THAT IN AGES!
Nancy left her scowl
LUCK... I'VE STILL GOT THE FEELING THESE LEAVES FROM THAT WEIRD TREE BRING US LUCK. BUT IF ANY BODY HEARD THAT THEY'D THINK I WAS DAFT
Nancy had been chosen for her cross school's swimming team and that day was the competition
COME ON NANCY! YOU DID BETTER THAN THAT THE OTHER DAY
IT'S NO GOOD. I'M JUST OUTCLASSED
I TOLD YOU NOT TO CHUCK ME OUT OF THE TEAM FOR THAT NEW SNOOTY-NOSED KID. SHE WAS TERRIBLE. BETTER TAKE HER OUT AND PUT ME BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE
I COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE IRENE. JUST WATCH NANCY DIVE
But when Nancy dived
WHAT A ROTTEN BELLY FLOP!
WHAT WENT WRONG?
HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS DO WE HAVE TO TAKE SHE'S DELIBERATELY LETTING THE SCHOOL DOWN
NANCY WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU? YOU WEREN'T PERFORMING LIKE THIS THE OTHER DAY
I'M SORRY SALLY. THE OTHER DAY IT ALL SEEMED TO COME SO EASILY
YOU'VE STILL GOT THE WATER POLO TO MAKE UP FOR YOUR MISTAKES

But during the match...
GOAL! WE'VE WON! WE'VE WON!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THAT STUPID NEW GIRL GOES AND HITS THE BALL INTO HER OWN GOAL AND LOSES THE GAME FOR US!
BOO! GO HOME
CLEAR OFF WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND HERE
I'M AS UNPOPULAR AS I WAS TO START WITH JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO GO RIGHT
When Nancy got home
MUM IS ANYTHING WRONG?
IT'S YOUR DAD LOVE. HE DOESN'T CARE FOR THIS NEW JOB JACK WADE GAVE HIM
WISH YOU'D STUCK TO A BIG, LONGER JOB DEAR GIVE IT MORE OF A TRY
WHAT'S THERE TO TRY ABOUT BEING A MESSENGER BOY THAT'S ALL AND WITH JACK WADE HE KNOWS LORDING OVER ME SHOWING WHAT A SUCCESS HE IS WHILE I'M NOTHING ANY MORE
PLEASE DON'T GIVE UP DAD IT'S BETTER THAN NO JOB AT ALL
IS IT YOU DON'T MIND ME BEING HUMILIATED EVERY DAY THEN IT'S TAUGHT ME THERE'S NO POINT IN EVEN LOOKING FOR A JOB ANY MORE
DAD'S HAD SUCH A ROTTEN TIME THERE'S JUST NO FIGHT LEFT IN HIM ANY MORE. SINCE IT WAS ALL SO DIFFERENT
AND THOUGH HER WAS WITH US HOW WRONG CAN YOU GET? THAT LAST LEAF DIDN'T BRING ANY LUCK
BUT PERHAPS THE EFFECT WEARS OFF AFTER A WHILE
IF THAT'S THE CASE ALL I HAVE TO DO IS POSTPONE ANOTHER LEAF FOR US TO HAVE SOME MORE GOOD LUCK
WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE CAROUSEL'S SHAKING I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE LEAF

OF COURSE IT'S A PASSING TRAIN UP THERE I'D FORGOTTEN THE VIADUCT
But the explosion she never had going
THE LEAF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT? IT'S JUST CRUMBLED TO NOTHING LIKE THE FIRST ONE HAD.
SHOULD TAKE ANOTHER CHEF OR AM NOT SUPPOSED TO
NANCY THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU
SALLY HOW DID YOU FIND OUT WHERE I LIVED?
OH, JUST ASKED AROUND.
I'M SORRY WE DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE WE CAN TALK YOU CAN SEE WE'RE PRETTY CRAMPED AND
YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGISE FOR LIVING HERE NANCY PLENTY OF GIRLS AT SCHOOL LIVE IN PLACES JUST AS BAD INCLUDING IRENE MANNING
SHE'S PUTTING IT ABOUT YOU DELIBERATELY DID BADLY IN THE SWIMMING THAT OUR OPPONENTS PAID YOU TO
IRENE? SHE HATES ME
YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT?
IRENE HATES ME AS MUCH AS YOU. SHE WANTED TO BE SWIMMING CAPTAIN HERSELF AND SHE WOULDN'T JOIN A TEAM UNDER ME AT FIRST
I CAME TO LET YOU KNOW WE'RE ST... FRIENDS BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW THE REAL REASON WHY YOU PUT ON SUCH A POOR SHOW TODAY WERE YOU FEELING ILL OR SOMETHING?
I'M NOT SURE BUT IT MAY HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT TREE
OH, NOTHING WAS JUST KIDDING
EH, THIS? WHAT D'YOU MEAN?
BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING I'LL WAIT AND SEE IF OUR LUCK CHANGES
But, early next morning, when Nancy Spicer removed the gnome
WE'RE FROM THE COUNCIL WE'VE COME TO CUT OUT AN OLD TREE IN YOUR GARDEN IT'S ROOTS ARE ENDANGERING THE VIADUCT WON'T TAKE LONG
Bah! OF COURSE COME RIGHT THROUGH
Continued on p.69

...Your face

WE ALL KNOW how it feels to like someone the very first time we see them, even though they may not even be looking at us, let alone told us their name. And we all know how easy it is to take a dislike to someone, long before we've had time to learn what sort of people they really are.

Yet, how often are our first impressions proved correct? A person's face can reveal so much about their character and their personality, so that it's far easier than we realise to see qualities which we instantly admire, or turn away from.

Of a features, the eyes are the biggest clue to somebody's character. First, let's look at their colour...

BLUE EYES Truly blue eyes are quite rare, and usually belong to people who are either brilliantly clever or absolutely scatter brained. Almost everything they do is either done very well or extremely badly - there are no half measures!

BLUE-GREEN EYES belong to kind, loyal people whose friendly nature makes them very popular. They are usually very good-humoured, but are inclined to be quick-tempered at times.

GREY EYED people have very strong determination and a will to succeed. They do not make good losers. And although they are often slow to make friends, their friendships always last for a very long time.

BROWN EYES are a sign of an affectionate person, very energetic, but inclined to be more easily upset by small problems rather than large ones. They trust their own judgement more than anyone else's

HAZEL EYES (a combination of green and brown) indicate a person who would be prepared to do almost anything for someone whom they admire. But if someone upsets them, or does them an injury, they never forget

GREEN-EYED people are the artistic ones among us – either in words, painting, music or drama. Their feelings on all things are very deep, and it doesn't take much to make them "nervy" and on edge. It is also true that green eyes are a sign of jealousy!

EYES SET WIDE APART denote a frank, honest person with definite views about most things, a person who can be trusted, and whose advice may be relied upon. Bit short on imagination, though

DEEP SET EYES indicate a rather secretive personality - someone who is cautious and generally suspicious of newcomers and new ideas. But owners of deep-set eyes are usually extremely good at handling money!

EYES SET CLOSE TOGETHER are a sign of a very industrious person who can always been

is your fortune...

relied on to see a job through to the finish, no matter who or what is involved. They can be crafty and hot-tempered, but they often seem to have an inner supply of courage, too.

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Next, look at the different shaped faces.

IF A FACE IS OVAL, this signifies a well-balanced person, but someone who is also a perfectionist in most things, and who often gets impatient with "plodders" and slow-thinkers. Oval-faced people are usually quick to forgive, and to patch up quarrels.

A SQUARE — shaped face belongs to a happy, cheerful character with a great sense of fun, and who is always ready to try out new schemes and ideas. Square-faced people are generally clever at making things with their hands. Their main fault is that they are often too blunt and outspoken as a result of their natural honesty.

LONG FACES make us think of miserable people — and although it is true that owners of long faces do tend to take all things very seriously, they do have a good sense of humour, especially when it comes to enjoying a secret joke! A long-faced person always take the utmost care with everything they do, and are slow to anger. But when they do lose their temper — stand well back!

AN UPSIDE-DOWN PEAR-SHAPED face, (that means a face with a high forehead and the eyes more than halfway down the face) is a sign of a highly intelligent person, quick to grasp facts and with a clear-thinking mind. They are usually very level-headed and stay calm in an emergency or crisis. But they often have a high opinion of their own abilities!

A HEART SHAPED face, rather like a triangle, indicates a home-loving character, sometimes with a secret fear of being without friends. These people often appear helpless, easily upset and in need of protection — but beware. Underneath that appealing look lurks a very strong personality who will use every trick in the book to get his or her own way!

Noses can tell us a lot about people, too.

LONG, THIN NOSES belong to hard-headed individuals who won't stand any nonsense, sharp-tongued and inclined to be very critical. But they can be relied on in times of trouble, and would never disclose another person's secret. Can often be classed as a "hard nut" with a "soft centre"!

A BIG, STRAIGHT NOSE — sometimes called a "Roman" nose — points to someone who is a leader, rather than a follower — a person who dislikes taking advice and whose determination usually wins through in the end. They are often looked upon as being ruthless, but they can always be trusted not to desert their friends.

over...

SMALL "SNUB" NOSES belong to happy-go-lucky people with a carefree outlook, and who can usually see the funny side to most situations. It takes a lot to defeat their energy or dampen their enthusiasm, but they are easily bored, and get restless more quickly than other people.

BEWARE! TURNED-UP noses denote practical jokers, those with an impish sense of humour — real teasers, in other words! They love doing anything at all unusual, or crazy — or both. And although they can be untidy and maddening at times, their natural charm and light-heartedness usually means that people can't be angry with them.

OWNERS OF WIDE nostrils with large nostrils generally have very placid, easy-going temperaments, and their steady approach to most tasks often means that they succeed where others fail. They are kind and generous, but apt to take offence easily and worry about petty things.

Next to the eyes, the LIPS are the most important feature. Most people's lips are uneven — but a person whose lips are of the same thickness and shape has a happy, warm personality, loving and thoughtful. But they are inclined to be over-emotional, very sensitive and timid.

THIN absolutely straight lips are, happily, quite unusual. They only belong to cruel, really spiteful people.

THICK lips indicate a very affectionate, generous nature who enjoys a life to the full, the type of person most of us remember at a party. A thick-lipped person is inclined to believe only the best about other people, often finding that their trust is taken for granted.

A THICK BOTTOM LIP denotes a very obstinate person who sticks to his or her own opinion, even thought they know deep inside that they are wrong. They hate any sort of injustice and are quick to defend and protect their friends when the need arises. And they often possess rather unusual imaginations.

A THICK TOP LIP is a sign of ambition and a strong will-power to overcome set-backs and disappointments, helped by a firm belief that everything will turn out right in the end — an incurable, hard-working optimist. Such a person has excellent powers of judgement.

HEART SHAPED LIPS, as you might expect, belong to the day dreamer, gentle and sweet-natured, but who can usually turn on the charm to get exactly what he or she wants. These people often possess a surprising amount of self-confidence, and their quiet manner is frequently mistaken for shyness.

And, last of all, we look at the CHIN

Is it FIRM AND STRAIGHT, almost like three sides of a square? If so, then that person is very determined, but also fair-minded and honesdt in all things. They have no time for gossip of rumours of any kind, and never forgive anyone who has deceived them in any way.

A POINTED CHIN is a sign of imagination and a good memory, especially when the base of the chin juts out a little. Owners of pointed chins are also perfectionists who will go to any lengths to excel at something in which they are interested. They always rise to a challenge, or the spur of competion.

If each side of the chin slips towards a broad base, i.e. — , this is what is known as a "LANTERN JAW" It signifies someone who is trustworthy, rather quiet in temperament and wise in judgement. Lantern-jawed people are often shy, but they make sound, reliable friends who are always ready to offer help and sympathy.

A ROUNDED CHIN denotes a friendly, easy-going personality, who will often do almost anything to avoid any sort of unpleasantness. This type of person is rarely jealous of another, and because of this, they possess a sense of peace which many others may envy. But they dislike changes of any kind, and because they have very few aims in life, often miss opportunities.

Seen anyone you recognise? Chances are, we've been taking a good look at YOU! But best use a photograph when you come to make a check up on your own face, 'cos mirrors can be a bit misleading — when you want them to be!

THE END

Continued from p.65

LOOK YOU CAN'T DO THIS. IT'S OUR GARDEN!
THE COUNCIL SAYS ITS ROOTS ARE GROWIN AL OVER THE PLACE ONE QUICK UG FROM THE DRY AND WE LL HAVE MY MORE TROUBLE

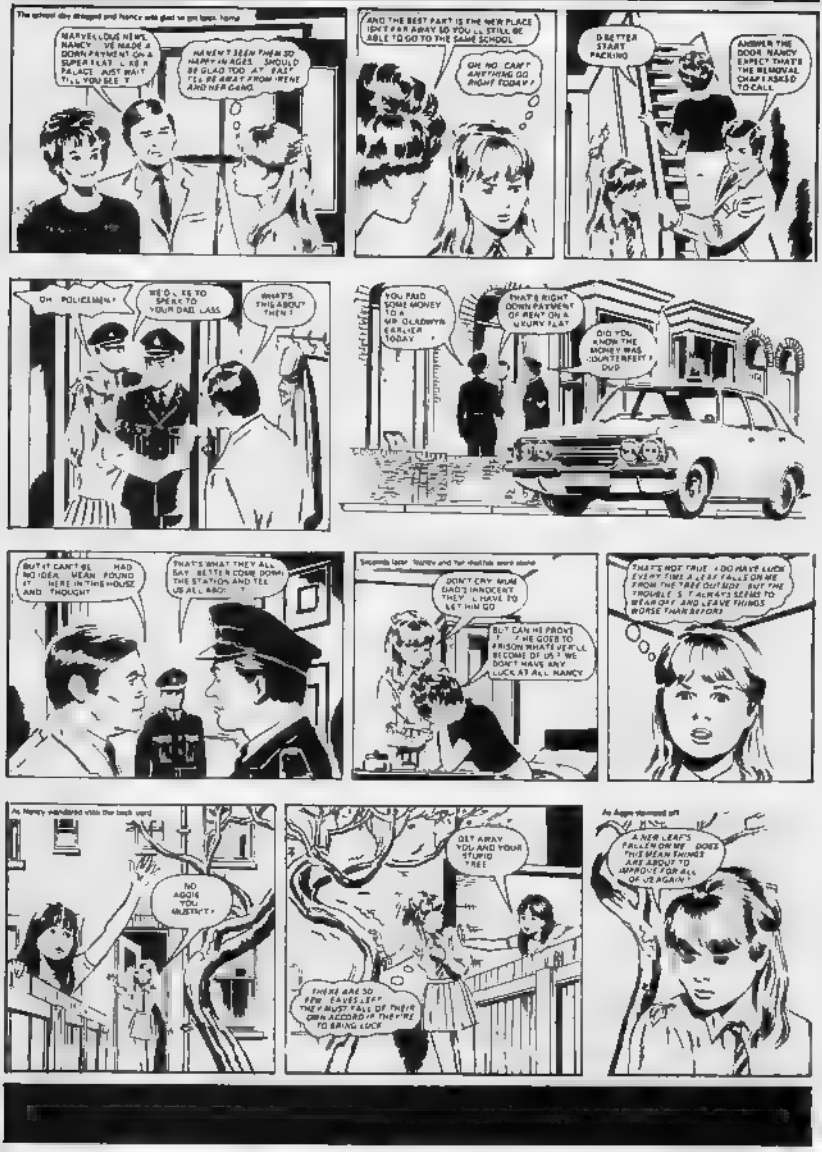
The workmen grabbed the saw back
NOW YOU CLEAR OFF MISS BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER
OH, WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND! I NEED THAT TREE HERE. I NEED IT

YOU WON'T BE LIVE ME - BUT IT'S GOT SOME SORT OF POWER
OH YEAH? WELL LET'S SEE THEN IT'S POWER AGAINST ME AND FRED
RIGHT FRED TAKE THIS AWAY
IT'S NO GOOD HEATHER
STRENGTH WHAT HAPPENED?
I'VE NEVER KNOWN THAT TO HAPPEN BEFORE A SHEEL WE'RE JUST SHARPIN' IKE THAT WE'D BETTER GET YOU TO HOSPITAL CHARLIE
IT'S THE POWER SHE TOLD ME THAT TREE'S GOT POWER
THEY'VE GONE FOR THE MOMENT BUT WILL THEY BE BACK
ELLIE SOMETHIN FUNNY HAPPENED WITH THE TREE THEN
It was Aggie Brand, Kerry's neighbour
YEAH SAW IT FROM ME BACK WINDOW TOLD YOU THAT TREE WAS SPECIAL DIDN'T HERE YOU GO A LEAF ON YOU
ANOTHER LEAF I WISH WE BEEN WHEN THE BIRDS SHARPED WILL THE POWER WORK FOR ME AGAIN? WELL SEE TODAY AT SCHOOL
HELLO STUCK UP HEARD THE GOOD NEWS
THERE WANNING OF ALL FOLK TO WEEP SHE HATES ME
IN THE NEED RUNNING CAPTAIN AND I SAY YOU'RE OUT OF THE TEAM
AND BETTER NOT GO WINNING TO THE HEAD ABOUT FOR JUST MIGHT ORGANISE SENDING YOU TO LOVENTRY A LOT OF THE GIRLS WANT ME TO WE'RE NOT USED TO STUCK UP TYPES AROUND HERE
DON'T WORRY I'M NOT THAT TYPE

THERE GOES ALL MY IDEAS OF GOOD LUCK BEING ROUND EVERY THING FOR ME JUST LIKE THAT THE BAR DIDN'T HELP AT ALL
LE WE DOWN ALL RIGH EVERYTHING'S STILL THE SAME IS NOT WORSE
MAYBE GIVE ME THE WEAR TO FALL
AS THOUGHT NOT PAYING ATTENTION YOU 81 LYNN'S OUT THE CORRECT YEARS I'VE HUNDRED TIMES
THIS HAS BEEN THE WORST DA YET SALLY AROUND WOULD MAKE THINGS BEARABLE BUT NOW SHE'S ILL
AT LEAST THE TREE'S STILL STANDING THAT'S SOMETHING
THOUGH SHE SHOULD BE RELEASED ABOUT F 'S NOT SO FUNNY POWER AS I BEGIN TO THINK
NANCY WHAT ARE YOU DOING MOOMING ABOUT OUT THERE COME IN AT ONCE 'S WONDERFUL NEWS
DAD'S SMILING THE WAY HAVEN'T SEEN IN MONTHS
COME UP AND OOK GIRL
LOOK OOK AT THIS PUT MY FOOT THROUGH A FLOORBOARD AND WE FOUND T UNDERNEATH
MONEY HUNDREDS OF AND HUNDREDS THERE THE TREE TOLD BRING US LUCK
ISN'T T WONDERFUL NANCY THERE'S ENOUGH HERE FOR US TO MOVE OUT OF THE DISTRICT START AGAIN

MOVE? OH NO I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO NOW. CAN'T LEAVE THE TREE AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED
IF FINDS IT IN MY HOUSE IT'S BELONGS TO ME. THAT'S THE LAW
ARE YOU SURE DEAR?
I COULD HAVE BELONGED TO THE OLD LADY WHO WAS HERE BEFORE.
HOW IS THAT REALLY LIKELY NANCY? SHE COULDN'T EVEN AFFORD TO PAY THE RENT. I WAS TOLD
NO MORE ARGUMENT WE'RE USING THIS THIS IS GOING TO BUY US BACK A FAIR DEAL IN LIFE
A GOOD DEAL BACK WITH US AGAIN?
Nancy went into the back garden
AGGIE, TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE OLD LADY WHO WAS HERE BEFORE. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF HER MISSING THINGS
WHY?
OH, FOUND SOMETHING NICE?
NO. I JUST THOUGHT I MIGHT BE EASIER TO FIND IF I KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT HER
HEY! SHE WAS A BIT TOUCHED. TOLD YOU TALKED TO HERSELF AND SO THIS TREE. YOU SURE YOU AIN'T FOUND ANYTHING?
YES POSITIVE SEE YOU
Next morning as Nancy left the school
CHEERIO NANCY. GOTTA LOOK FOR SOMEWHERE DECENT TO LIVE WITH THIS MONEY WE CAN GET A GREAT HOUSE
JUST WHEN I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE I WANT TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TREE AND IT'S LEAVING
ON THE OTHER HAND CAN'T SAY EXACTLY I LIKE SCHOOL AROUND HERE ESPECIALLY NOW SALLY'S GONE. SHE'S THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD HERE
HEY IT'S ME SNOB

YEAH SHE'S NO FRIEND OF OURS
REMEMBER THAT SWIMMING MATCH YESTERDAY ? SHE LET THE OTHER SIDE WIN ON PURPOSE
THAT'S A LIE. YOU TAKE THAT BACK, OR -
OR WHAT ? WHAT YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT, TOFFEE NOSE ?
IT'S TIME TAUGHT YOU A LESSON, RENIE
HEY ..GOOD
Suddenly
GIRLS ! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS ?
HE ADMISTRESS ! WAS HER WISE SHE STARTED IT SHE ATTACKED 'VE
ISN'T THAT RIGHT ?
YES, MISS, IT WAS HER
THAT WILL DO. YOU HAD BETTER COME TO MY OFFICE, NANCY
YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON AT ALL WELL, NANCY. I UNDERSTAND SOME LINES MISS CARRUTHERS GAVE YOU. THE OTHER DAY HAVE NOT BEEN DONE
WHEN EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN HAPPENING CLEAN FORGOT
NOW YOU HAVE STARTED FIGHTING WITH THE OTHER GIRLS. I SEEMS TO ME YOU THINK YOURSELF TOO GOOD COME AMONG HUMBLE FOLK WHO LIVE IN THIS DISTRICT
THAT'S NOT TRUE !
IN THAT CASE I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE NO OBJECTION TO COMING HERE EVERY MORNING TO HELP CLEAN UP THE CLASSROOM WITH THE CHARLADY. I'M SURE LEARNING HUMILITY WILL DO YOU GOOD
Nancy had also left the Head's study
THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE. NOW WHAT ?
Nancy was taken to the classroom
THIS IS THE LAST TIME ANYONE HERE SPEAKS TO YOU. WE'VE DECIDED TO SEND YOU TO COVENTRY FROM NOW ON. SEE !
THIS IS ALL I NEED. NOTHING CAN GET WORSE


The school day dragged and Nancy was glad to get back home
MARVELLOUS NEWS NANCY WE'VE MADE A DOWN PAYMENT ON A SUPERB FLAT IN A PALACE JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE IT
HAVEN'T SEEN THEM SO HAPPY IN AGES SHOULD BE GLAD TOO AT LAST I'LL BE AWAY FROM IRENE AND HER GANG
AND THE BEST PART IS THE NEW PLACE ISN'T FAR AWAY SO YOU'LL STILL BE ABLE TO GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL
OH NO CAN'T ANYTHING GO RIGHT TODAY!
I'D BETTER START PACKING
ANSWER THE DOOR NANCY I EXPECT THAT'S THE REMOVAL CHAPS I ASKED TO CALL
OH POLICEMEN!
WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOUR DAD LASS
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THEN?
YOU PAID SOME MONEY TO A MR OLDSMYTH EARLIER TODAY
THAT'S RIGHT DOWN PAYMENT OF RENT ON A LUXURY FLAT
DID YOU KNOW THE MONEY WAS COUNTERFEIT DAD
BUT I CAN'T BE HAD NO IDEA I MEAN FOUND IT HERE IN THE HOUSE AND THOUGHT
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY BETTER COME DOWN THE STATION AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT
Seconds later Nancy and her mother were alone
DON'T CRY MUM DAD'S INNOCENT THEY'LL HAVE TO LET HIM GO
BUT CAN HE PROVE IT IF HE GOES TO PRISON WHAT WE'LL BECOME OF US WE DON'T HAVE ANY LUCK AT ALL NANCY
THAT'S NOT TRUE WE HAVE LUCK EVERY TIME A LEAF FALLS ON ME FROM THE TREE OUTSIDE THAT TROUBLE'S STARTED SEEMS TO WEAR OFF AND LEAVE THINGS WORSE THAN BEFORE
As Nancy wandered while the back word
NO GOOD YOU MUSTN'T
GET AWAY YOU AND YOUR STUPID TREE
THERE ARE SO FEW LEAVES LEFT THEY MUST FALL OF THEIR OWN ACCORD IN THEIR TO BRING LUCK
As Nancy returned all
A NEW LEAF'S FALLEN ON ME DOES THIS MEAN THINGS ARE ABOUT TO IMPROVE FOR ALL OF US AGAIN!

Next morning
DIDN'T DAD COME BACK LAST NIGHT?
HE'S STILL AT THE POLICE STATION. THEY WANT HIM FOR ANOTHER QUESTIONING
BUT WHY THEY MUST KNOW HE'S INNOCENT. WHY CAN'T THEY LET HIM ALONE? WHY DO THESE THINGS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO US?
DON'T WORRY MUM THINGS'LL GET BETTER SOON. I'M SURE THEY WILL.
COME ON LEAF. IF YOU'VE ANY MAGIC POWERS, FIX THINGS AND MAKE IT ALL RIGHT FOR MUM AND DAD AGAIN
On the way to school
HI, NANCY
SALLY. THEY TOLD US YOU HAD CHICKENPOX
THE DOCTOR WAS MISTAKEN. TURNED OUT TO BE AN ALLERGY OF SOME KIND
GREAT! AT LEAST I'LL HAVE ONE FRIEND AT SCHOOL
PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER NOT LET THEM KNOW THAT THOUGH
IRENE MANNING DO DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO
Irene was waiting at the gate.
ANYONE TALKING TO HER GETS SENT TO COVENTRY, SALLY!
I'LL MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS AND IF THE REST OF YOU HAD ANY SENSE YOU'D DO THE SAME
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S BEEN UP TO. SHE DOESN'T BELONG HERE
WHO ARE YOU TO SAY THAT?
IT'S WORKING. THE LEAF IS MAKING THINGS BETTER FOR ME. THE OTHERS ARE WAVERING!

WHAT'S MORE DANCY I BACK IN THE SWIMMING TEAM SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT
YOU'RE DOING IT TO SPITE ME I'M BETTER THAN SHE IS ANY DAY AND I CAN PROVE IT
ALL RIGHT THEN, DO IT THIS LUNCH TIME IF YOU'RE REALLY BETTER I'LL GIVE YOU HER PLACE IN THE YEAR
YOU'LL SEE !
I'M NOT SO SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, SALLY
OKAY NANCY GO !
THIS'LL BE A LAUGH !
PERFECT THE LIFEGUARD'S HELPING ME
WANTS TO SHOW OFF DOES SHE ? WELL I'LL GIVE SALLY SOMETHING REALLY SPECTACULAR
GOLLY LOOK AT THAT
WOW'S THIS ?
WHAT HAPPENED ?
I THINK SHE HIT HER HEAD ON THE SIDE
SHE'S IN TROUBLE
SHE'S OUT COLD
GOOD OLD NANCY !
BRING BACK, GIVE HER ROOM
SHE'S STILL BREATHING WE'D BETTER GET HER TO THE SICK BAY
GREAT STUFF !
YOU SAVED SHIRLEY'S LIFE
I'M THAT SORRY ME LEAD'S BOXING FOR ME

IF I'D ONLY WORK FOR DAD TOO
That evening
DAD YOU'RE HOME AGAIN HOW WONDERFULL KNEW THEY COULDN'T KEEP YOU
THE BAST SHOULDN'T LET THEM
BUT THEY OBVIOUSLY DON'T BELIEVE ME THEY'LL BE BACK
BUT YOU'RE HERE WITH US NOW DEAR THAT'S WHAT MATTERS
BUT WE CAN'T GO TO THAT MEETING IT'S AS THOUGH FATE SAYS WE'VE GOT TO STOP HERE WHETHER WE WANT TO OR NOT IS JUST NO USE TRYING FOR ANYTHING DIFFERENT
POOR DAD HE'S IN FOR CUSTODY BUT STILL HE'S AT DEPRESSED AS EVER
DO THE FARM LEAVES ONLY AMMONIA AND GLASS AND NOBODY'S THERE
OR IS DAD RIGHT DOES SOME SORT OF FATE KEEP US HERE? AND IS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TREE MAYBE THE LAST OWNER COULD TELL ME
HOI - WHAT YOU UP TO NOW!
AGGIE DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED HERE HAS GONE?
YEH HOSTEL UP THE ROAD C'MON I'LL TAKE HER
When they got to the hostel
NO ONE LIKE THAT I'VE LUV
YOU MUST A SEEN HER FALL AND BONY HER FACE ALL LINED LIKE A WITCH
AND ON THOUGH COME TO THINK OF IT THEY TOOK SOMEONE LIKE THAT OFF TO HOSPITAL LAST WEEK DUNNO WHICH ONE
THERE MUST BE A DOZEN HOSPITALS IN THIS TOWN WE CAN'T GO ROUND ASKING EVERY ONE THEY MUST BE FULL OF OLD LADIES
At School next morning
THIS FOR YOU
A LETTER, FOR ME?
IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE? NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT THE TREE EXCEPT AGGIE AND DOUBT IF SHE CAN EVEN WRITE
To The Guardian of the Tree
contd on page 84

EXAMS

WISHES TO SPEND

KATHY DIDN'T BELIEVE a word of what the old man in the gardening centre was telling her. She'd only called in for a few packets of seeds for her grandfather, and quite by chance had, while browsing round, come across this old man with his foot stuck under some paving slabs. They had slipped, he said, just as he was bending over to reach a pot of geraniums on the other side of them.

It wasn't that which Kathy disbelieved. After all, there was the pot of geraniums, and there was the old man with his foot caught awkwardly under the concrete slabs. No, it was what he had said after she had taken the slabs, one by one because they were heavy, off his foot, that was so unbelievable.

* * *

"You'll be rewarded, my dear," he said, a green glint on his old eyes.

Kathy thought he must be about to give her some loose change and, being a well-brought up girl, edged away slightly in anticipation.

"No, it was nothing," she said, hurriedly. "I wouldn't want to be paid for giving someone a helping hand."

"Ah," said the old man, and stared at her for a while. Then he said the unbelievable thing.

'But I bet you wouldn't say no to three wishes, would you? Like they give the heroes in fairy tales?"

Kathy felt sorry for the old fellow. He must be cracking up, she told herself. Well, he is getting on a bit, and his mind's probably not what it was. She decided to humour him.

"Oh well, that's another matter," she laughed. "I've often wondered what I'd do with three wishes. I'd probably use the first one to wish for my every future wish to be granted. Then I'd have as many wishes as I'd ever need."

"Oh, how wicked!" exclaimed the old man. "That's downright greedy, that is. No, to do that is quite against the rules. Promise me that you won't use one of the wishes for that."

Thinking it was all still a joke, Kathy promised.

"Very well, then," said the old man. "You have three wishes to fulfill your dearest dreams!"

Kathy felt the light touch of his wasted old hand on her arm, and suddenly he had gone.

For a minute, Kathy felt most peculiar, for there was nowhere he could have gone. Open land stretched all around her except for the greenhouse by which she stood, and she could see to every part of that, through the glass. No, the old man had simply vanished.

* * *

Shaking her head in amazement, Kathy made her way to the seed department where she bought her grandfather's cabbage and cauliflower seeds. Then she felt better. After all, this wasn't some ghostly castle, where one might expect to meet supernatural creatures who awarded people three wishes. It was a bright, modern gardening centre, with reassuring things happening like plants being bought and sold, people chatting to each other and planning new gardens.

So Kathy put the incident to the back of her mind and it was not until the following Monday, at school that she remembered the old man's promise.

It was nearly time for the end of term exams, and Kathy's form mistress was giving a talk to her class on the need to do well.

"There are some of you," she said, her eyes swivelling for a split second to Kathy, for whom these exams are somewhat of a last chance. If good results are not forthcoming, some of you," and her eyes returned again to Kathy, "will find themselves in the B steam, or even worse."

Kathy had nothing against the B stream, or the C or D streams. But she knew that her chances of becoming a vet would be severely hampered if she were moved to a class where she could not take so many exams, and so might not qualify for admission to a veterinary college. And to be a vet was what she had dreamed of for years and years.

And it was almost an instinct to whisper to herself: "Oh, I wish I could get everything right in every one of these beastly exams this term, just to show them!"

As soon as she had said it, she gasped, for it was as if a thousand little sparks had gone off in her head. And she remembered the words of the strange old man in the gardening centre.

Well, there was nothing she could do about it now. Her first wish had been wished, and she would have to wait and see what came of it. After all, it couldn't be called cheating, because she hadn't meant to use her wish for that. She hadn't believed, truly, that she had a wish at all to use, let alone three. She must be careful not to waste the other two.

* * *

The form mistress had heard the gasp, and looked sarcastically at Kathy.

'Have you just awoken to the realisation that examination time is upon you once more, Katherine?" she asked. The class tittered. "don't let the shock upset you too much. Just try to do your best, whatever that may be — or you certainly haven't shown it to us yet."

The exams began the next day. They were the last ones which Kathy's class would take before the national ones in the summer.

more...

the ones for which certificates were awarded and places at college assured. Two a day, under rigorous conditions, and if you didn't have an exam at any time you spent the time in a frenzy of revision, watched by all the lower forms and those lucky people who were too unacademic to be taking any exams at all.

For nearly a fortnight the ordeal went on, Geography following English Language, and History coming after General Science. Kathy did her best. It seemed she never had time to read over what she had written afterwards, no time to check her spelling in the vital science papers which would mean so much to her chances of becoming a vet.

But at last it was all over, and a few days passed in which the papers were marked.

And then came the day when the headmistress, no less, strode into the classroom with the form teacher, and the results were read out.

The presence of the headmistress was an unusual thing, and there was a stirring throughout the class which was more than was usual on these occasions. Every girl in the room was aware that something momentous must have happened . . . or something too awful to be true.

For Kathy it turned out to be both.

"We have an unusual situation this year," began the form mistress, looking at the headmistress for support. The head simply pursed her lips and nodded at the form mistress to carry on.

"One girl has come top in every paper taken," went on the teacher. "And without wishing in any way to take the glory of this marvellous achievement away from her, we are . . . somewhat surprised. She has never aspired to the top three in any one examination before, and it is . . . surprising.

"Yet we exclude totally the possibility that she may have copied from another girl, for no other girl has come anywhere near the brilliance shown in the winner's papers. We are astounded. Katherine Marshall, well done!"

The excited murmur around the class broke into a crescendo of incredulous shouting. Kathy felt hot and uncomfortable. She hadn't thought it would be like this. She just hadn't thought properly about it at all; she had just wanted to show them, and had forgotten that there are some things which anyone with a bit of sense will find hard to believe.

"Oh I **wish** they would all just believe I did it without anything but the brains to get me through!" she whispered to herself.

It was a wish born out of desperation, this time. Desperation and embarrassment. And as soon as she wished it there was a queer sort of popping in her ears, and the tempo of the room's noise changed. Instead of a lot of amazed shouting and cries of 'Not Kathy? I don't believe it!' the tone was now made up of nothing but pure praise and admiration.

Kathy found herself being patted on the back, cheered, and clapped. The puzzled frown had disappeared from the form teacher's face and the head, coming towards her with arm outstretched to shake her hand, no longer had pursed lips. All signs of disbelief had vanished altogether. And Kathy felt the relief of no longer being doubted.

In the following few weeks, Kathy learned what it was like to be one of the favoured with the staff. Her second wish had completely removed from everyone's minds the memory of what a dim-wit she had been before, compared with the intellectual she now passed as.

Her parents were delighted, naturally.

"Our Kathy's done ever so well at school," her mother told the butcher's wife, as she paid the weekly meat bill the following saturday.

"You're telling me," said the butcher's wife, who had no children of her own. "A real credit to you, she must be. The whole town's talking about her!"

THREE WISHES TO SPEND

"Where did your girl get her brains from, then?" asked her dad's boss, when something went wrong at work. Kathy's dad wanted to say something sharp in reply, but, didn't want to lose his job, especially now, when everyone was telling him he'd have to sent Kathy to university for at least four years. So he told himself, probably quite rightly, that the boss was only sore because his own daughter had left school with no qualifications at all.

There was a lot of jealousy among the parents of the other girls in Kathy's class. After the second wish, no one doubted that Kathy had a perfect right to all the praise and acclaim due to a genius. But human nature being what it is, that praise and acclaim was not always without rancour. Spite and jealousy were never far beneath the surface of the casual congratulation.

Even Kathy's friends seemed to shun her now. To them, she had turned into a kind of freak; they couldn't understand how she could be so brilliant at school and yet still want to talk to them.

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested," they said, when Kathy asked to join in some card game they were playing. "It's too babyish for you — you'd beat us every time."

School broke up and Christmas came along. It was Kathy's worst Christmas ever. The vicar organised a 'Supermind' contest and Kathy was roped in to join a panel of contestants which consisted of her own headmistress, a local professor of geology and a librarian who lived nearby. Only a real and terrible bout of 'flu saved her from that. And on Christmas morning she opened her presents to find an assortment of items such as slide rules, pocket calculators, dictionaries and other educational aids

"Oh, for just . . ." she began, and then realised that she couldn't even wish for just one pop record or item of frilly underwear. She had only one wish left, and she had a feeling she was going to need it, the way her life had changed.

From then on she watched herself as closely as a cat watches a mouse, waiting for herself to slip up and waste the last wish on something she didn't really want.

Her Christmas morning presents were slide rules, pocket calculators, and such . . .

She was sure it was only a matter of time.

When term restarted, the headmistress made an announcement to the whole school at morning assembly.

"You all know the pleasure with which we recognised a genius in our midst last term," she said.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Heads swivelled in Kathy's direction. Kathy clutched her hymnbook in ghastly embarrassment.

"Over the Christmas holiday I have been in discussion with university heads up and down the country," the head went on. "And I am delighted, both for Katherine herself and for the reputation of the school, to be able to tell her, and you all, that there have been no fewer than eight offers of university places immediately, even without the results of the national examinations this year.

"Two of these places will be of particular appeal to Katherine with her long-standing ambition to become a veterinary surgeon. I am sure that the animal world will benefit greatly from her eventual emergence as a helper in times of pain and suffering under these conditions. I am sure you all join with me in offering her our heartiest congratulations." Everyone dutifully clapped.

"And as if that isn't all, the local television company have heard of Katherine's phenomenal success and wish to film her at work in our classrooms. This can do nothing but good to our reputation and I am sure you are all as excited as I am about it."

"Television! Us on telly!" could be heard whispered around the hall.

"Now, before we all sing the school song, I would like to ask Katherine to come to my office as soon as assembly is over so that we may discuss the issues I have just raised. Thank you, everyone."

Kathy could not open her mouth to sing the hymn along with the others. Panic coursed through her blood. Her nerves tingled. Was there to be no end to it all? She knew, from trying to do a few crosswords at home over

Christmas when no one was looking, that she had, with the first wish, got just what she had asked for; amazingly good results in those exams. She hadn't been endowed with a brilliant mind for all time.

Once more test of her brain would reveal just what a fraud she was. All right, so no one would doubt the first exam results; the second wish had seen to that. But even more than before, the teachers would be sure she was not trying. Everyone would be disillusioned by her. And those people who were now jealous of her would have all the ammunition they needed to hurl abuse at her.

Assembly ended and the headmistress led the line of teachers from the hall, casting a benign look in Kathy's direction. It was too much for Kathy. Head down, she followed the other girls out into the corridor, and then bolted. Out of the school gates she ran, far, far away from all people and buildings, into the meadows behind the school complex.

There, crouching in a damp, January-chilled hollow, she cried and cried until there were no tears left to cry with.

Something had to be done. And fast. She must use the last wish, and she must use it well.

Carefully, so as not to actually use the wish before she was ready, she considered the uses it could have.

If — if, mind — she wished for continued brilliance at everything she wanted to do, would she be happy?

Not really, she realised. No one else was that brilliant. Which meant she would never have any real friends, for they would bore her just as she would make them feel uncomfortable. It would be very lonely being brilliant in everything.

What about choosing to be brilliant in just a few things, then?

Kathy thought carefully about that for a few minutes. Then she began to see that this wouldn't work, either. Who was she to choose which things to excel in? She would be a mass of contradictions, left to rebuild her intellect on her own.

The only alternative open to her was to wish for things to return to the state they had been before, with no one expecting more of her than she could do. And with enough intelligence, herself, to get through the exams on her own merits.

The wish had to be worded carefully. Kathy took a pen from her pocket, and an exercise book from her satchel, and wrote the wish down.

"I wish that things could return to how they were before the last exams with no one expecting more of me than I can do without the help of wishes and using all of my intelligence but using it all to the full."

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There . . . would it work? There was more than one part to that wish. But it all tied in and if she was lucky, she would get away with it.

She stood up, in the windy meadow, and gabbled it all off without drawing breath, so that the fates who granted these things would not be inclined to think that it was in any way divided up into parts.

And suddenly she knew it was going to work, for despite the cold winds she was filled with a fleeting impression of summer, and warmth, throughout her body. It was a good feeling, and Kathy wasn't afraid any more.

Walking back towards school she realised that she had been nothing but afraid ever since the first wish had been granted. Well, all that behind her.

Heads turned as she walked into the classroom. But there was no sign of awe, jealousy or wonder on any of the faces now.

And the form mistress showed nothing but exasperation as she stoped writing on the board and addressed Kathy.

"Oh, so you've decided to join us, have you?" she said, the old familiar sarcasm flooding her voice. "What an honour! I'll tell you this, my girl, that if you go on the way you're heading you'll be lucky not to be put in with the animals instead of learning how to look after them. This term is your last chance to pull your socks up."

She turned to the class, pointing behind her at Kathy, who stood there, taking it all.

"This girl wanted to be a vet. Did you know that? The only chance she'll get to be a vet, unless she puts her mind to it, will be to treat pigs that fly!"

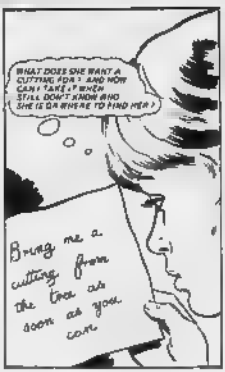
Noticing the odd expressions on the faces of the girls, the form mistress turned once more to look at Kathy. And what she saw made her more exasperated than ever.

"Is that all you can do, girl — grin? What is there to laugh about in being stupid? Get to your desk and start working!"

And Kathy, without a word, but still grinning from ear to ear, did just that.

THE END

contd. from p.77


WHAT DOES SHE WANT A CUTTING FOR ? AND HOW CAN I TAKE IT WHEN I STILL DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS OR WHERE TO FIND HER ?
Bring me a cutting from the tree as soon as you can

WHO...? THIS LETTER, AND HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS FOR ME ?
SOME OLD WOMAN. LOOKED A BIT TOUCHED IN THE HEAD IF YOU ASK ME. SAID IT WAS FOR THE FIRST GIRL TO COME IN TO THE CLASS !

YOU'RE NOT STILL ON ABOUT THAT FUNNY OLD TREE, THIS IS PROBABLY SOMEONE PLAYING A JOKE ON YOU. HONESTLY, NANCY, EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU WOULD HAVE HAPPENED ANYWAY.

When the other girls came in -
LOOK, SALLY. I GAVE US A NASTY SHOCK YOU BEING ILL THE OTHER DAY AND IRENE TAKING OVER AS SWIMMING CAPTAIN WE'RE THINKING NANCY OUGHT TO BE DEPUTY CAPTAIN JUST IN CASE

I'M MORE POPULAR THAN I COULD EVER HAVE HOPED AFTER THE BAD START MADE HERE AND IN SPITE OF ALL IRENE COULD DO. IT MUST BE THE LEAVES WORKING FOR ME

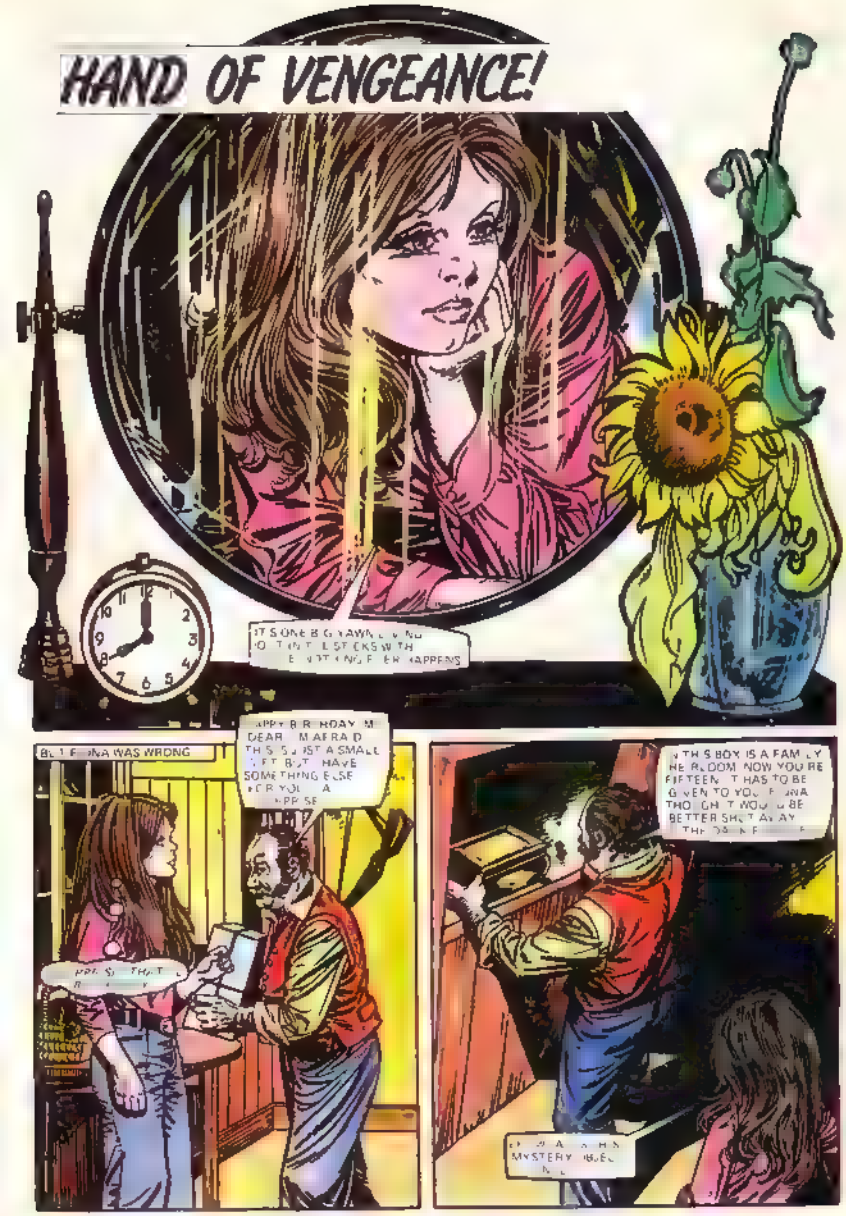
HOSPITAL
PERHAPS I OUGHT TO CALL AND SEE HOW IRENE IS
OWE MY LIFE TO YOU, NANCY ! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT
AH, GET AWAY IRENE
MEAN ? NANCY I'M YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE
THE LEAP IS REALLY WORKING WONDERS FOR ME. OH, I FEEL ON TOP OF THE WORLD
THE LITTLE BAR REALLY IS DOING WELL. ALL RIGHT, WON'T BOTHER HOW SHE MADE ME LOOK A FOOL AND I'M NOT GOING TO MEET I'VE TURNED THE TABLES
YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME PETE, MUST TAKE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO QUIT NO, OWE IT TO HER. BUT HOW DO I FIND HER?
WELL, SHE CAME TO THE SCHOOL ONCE, SHE COULD COME AGAIN I'LL TAKE THE CUTTING AND KEEP IT IN MY DESK
SOUNDS AS THOUGH WE'VE GOT VISITORS. HOPE IT'S NOT THE POLICE AGAIN
IT'S JACK BACK DAD! IS SORE
LOOK WHAT DID YOU TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE MONEY?
THE TRUTH OF COURSE. WE FOUND IT IN THIS OLD CASE UNDER THE F. DOR
SO THAT'S IS ? NOW
THEY TOOK IT SAID IT WAS COUNTERFEIT

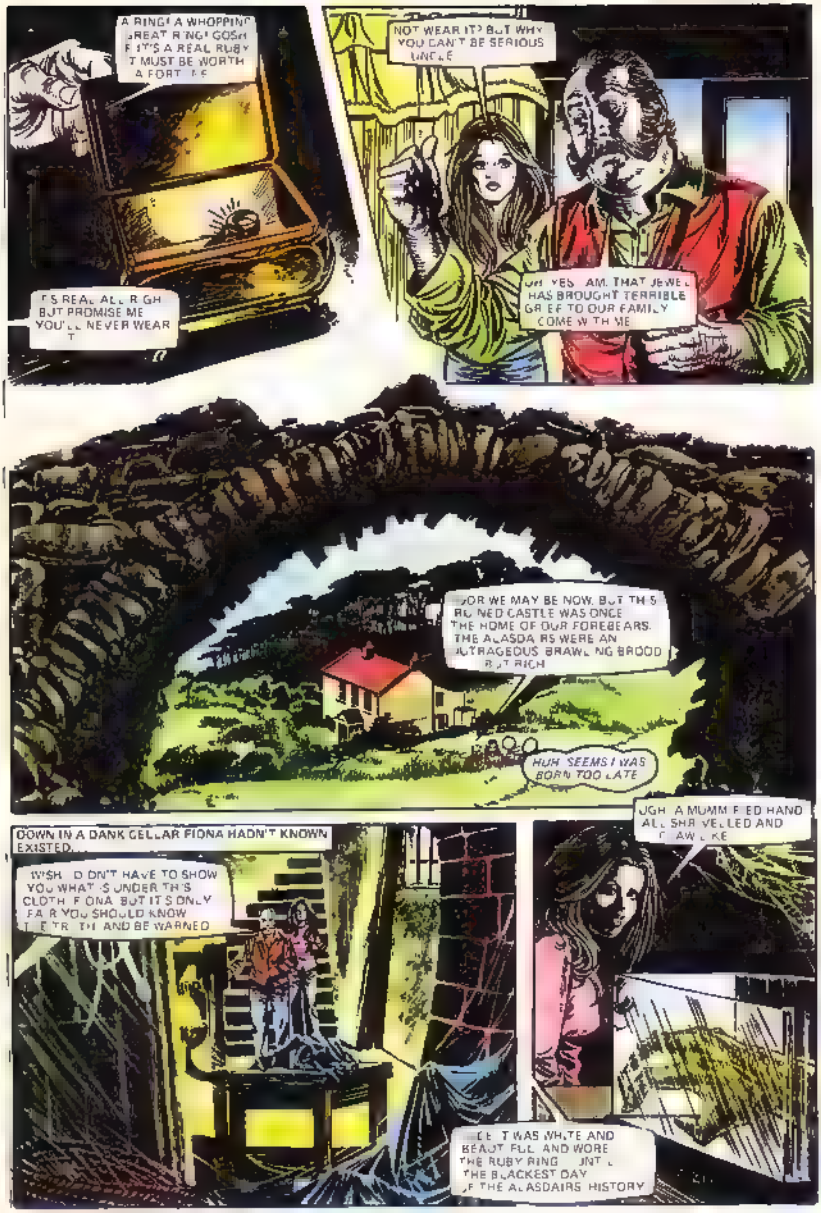
AND THIS STILL LET YOU GO? COME ON, GET YOUR COAT, WE'RE LEAVING
WHY? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE
IT'S FOR HIS OWN GOOD. THE POLICE WILL BE BACK TRYING TO PIN SOMETHING ON HIM. HE CAN COME TO MY PLACE IN LONDON AND LIE LOW FOR A BIT
MAYBE THE LEAVES ARE BEGINNING TO WORK FOR DAD, TOO. AT LEAST HE'S GOT A GOOD FRIEND TO TAKE CARE OF HIM
GOODBYE DEAR
TRY NOT TO WORRY
HURRY IT UP, CAN'T YOU?
A little later there was a knock at the door
SURELY IT CAN'T BE THE POLICE?
I'LL ANSWER IT, MUM!
THOUGHT I'D COME AND TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THIS FAMOUS TREE OF YOURS AND SEE IF I DON'T ANY MORE REMARKABLE THE SECOND TIME
OH, SALLY LOVELY TO SEE YOU
WELL HERE I IS
JUST SAW YOUR DAD GOING OFF IN A CAR SOMEWHERE
OH YES, A FRIEND IS TAKING HIM UP TO HIS PLACE IN LONDON FOR A WHILE
LONDON... BUT I SAW THEM AT THE CROSSROADS AND THE CAR TURNED FOR THE COAST
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT
LOOK... THERE'S A COUPLE OF LEAVES YOU'VE MISSED AND MAKE YOU NOTICED SOMETHING
THERE'S ONLY THREE LEFT NOW!
THREE... QUICK! WHAT IF I'M NOT HERE WHEN THEY FALL?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN FOR A PRETTY BLEAK WINTER THOSE THREE LEAGUES WON'T BE THERE FOR MUCH LONGER
PLEASE DON'T JOKE ABOUT IT
HEY, DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART I WAS ONLY KIDDING
IT'S JUST I'M WORRIED ABOUT DAD HE WAS DEFINITELY SUPPOSED TO BE GOING TO LONDON NOW YOU SAY YOU SAW HIM GOING THE OTHER WAY
HE COULD HAVE CHANGED HIS MIND!
SUPPOSE SO BETTER NOT MENTION IT TO MUM I DON'T WANT TO WORRY HER!
Next day in school
I'LL KEEP THIS CUTTING FROM THE TREE IN MY DESK THAT OLD WOMAN'S BOUND TO SHOW UP AGAIN
OH IT'S YOU IRENE FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU WERE ER DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK AT SCHOOL SO SOON
FEEL FINE NOW!
BESIDES I WANTED TO SEE YOU NOW THAT WE'RE PALS!
SHE USED TO HATE ME UNTIL I SAVED HER LIFE
After school
HEAR YOU'RE DEPUTY SWIMMING CAPTAIN THAT'S GREAT NEWS!
THANKS IRENE
I WONDER WHAT SHE PUT IN HER DESK AS CAME IN FIVE CHANCES WE'RE TAKING I'VE GOT TO GET EVEN WITH HER SOMEHOW
NO SIGN OF ANY OLD WOMAN MAYBE I SHOULD WAIT A WHILE

AGGIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS, HOP ON, QUICK. IT'S AN EMERGENCY!
OI - THAT'S ILLEGAL
GET LOST BLUE BOTTLE
WHAT'S THE BOTHER AGGIE?
THE COUNCIL WORK MEN ARE AT THAT TREE AGAIN!
STOP!
STAND BACK KIDS. NEED SOME ELBOW ROOM!
DON'T TOUCH THAT TREE
SORRY. COUNCIL'S ORDERS!
DID WARN YOU!
WE'LL USE THE OTHER ONE
NO! YOU'LL BE SORRY!
LOOK. YOU'RE GETTING IN OUR WAY
WHAT'S HAPPENED? THIS WAS ALL RIGHT BEFORE WE LEFT
YOU CAN'T TOUCH THAT TREE
CAN'T WE? WE'LL SEE 'BOUT THAT. PULL UP BY THE ROOTS, SHOULD BE EASY!
OKAY, HEAVE!
TIMES! WE AGGS!
AAH ... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PLAY THE PIANO AGAIN

HAND OF VENGEANCE!


IT'S ONE BIG YAWN
BUT FIONA WAS WRONG
HAPPY BIRTHDAY MY DEAR MAFRAD THIS IS JUST A SMALL GIFT BUT I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU A SPECIAL
WITH THIS BOX IS A FAMILY HEIRLOOM NOW YOU'RE FIFTEEN IT HAS TO BE GIVEN TO YOU FIONA THOUGH IT WOULD BE BETTER SHE'D AWAY
MYSTERY


A RING! A WHOPPING GREAT RING! GOSH IF IT'S A REAL RUBY IT MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE
IT'S REAL ALRIGHT BUT PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER WEAR IT
NOT WEAR IT? BUT WHY YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS UNCLE
OH YES AM THAT JEWEL HAS BROUGHT TERRIBLE GRIEF TO OUR FAMILY COME WITH ME
FOR WE MAY BE NOW BUT THIS RUINED CASTLE WAS ONCE THE HOME OF OUR FOREBEARS. THE ALASDAIRS WERE AN OUTRAGEOUS BRAWLING BROOD BUT RICH
HUH SEEMS I WAS BORN TOO LATE
DOWN IN A DANK CELLAR FIONA HADN'T KNOWN EXISTED...
WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOW YOU WHAT'S UNDER THIS CLOTH FIONA BUT IT'S ONLY FAIR YOU SHOULD KNOW THE TRUTH AND BE WARNED
UGH A MUMMIFIED HAND ALL SHRIVELLED AND CLAWLIKE
SHE WAS WHITE AND BEAUTIFUL AND WORE THE RUBY RING ON THE BLACKEST DAY OF THE ALASDAIRS HISTORY

BACK IN THE LAWLESS DAYS OF BORDER RAIDS
JED ALASDAIR CAPTURED A PRIDE LADY HEAD
OF A RIVAL FAMILY
MY LADY
AND MAYBE MORE

YOU CAN'T SCARE ME
YOU'RE JUST SKIN
AND BONE

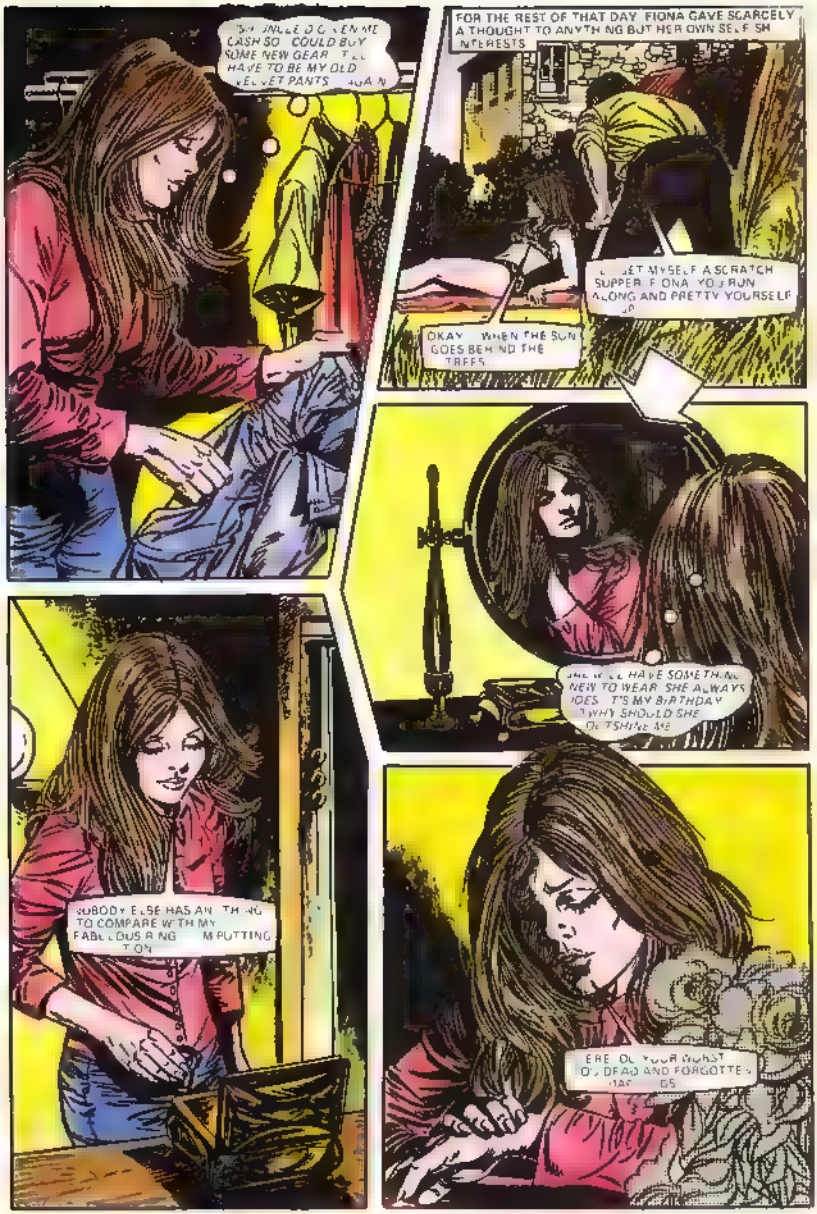
THEN
I COULDN'T CAN'T
BREATHE

MUST
GET OUT

BETTER IN THE FRESH AIR FOR
A MINUTE DOWN THERE IT
FELT LIKE SPIDERS WERE
WERE CLOSING RIGHT
THROAT

I'M BEING SOFT
THAT STUFFY OLD
CELLAR WAS ENOUGH
TO MAKE ANYBODY
FEEL CHOKED

I'LL WHAT I'LL WEAR TONIGHT
SALLY'S PICKING ME UP FOR A
PARTY AT HER PLACE UNCLE'S
COTTAGE IS TOO SMALL

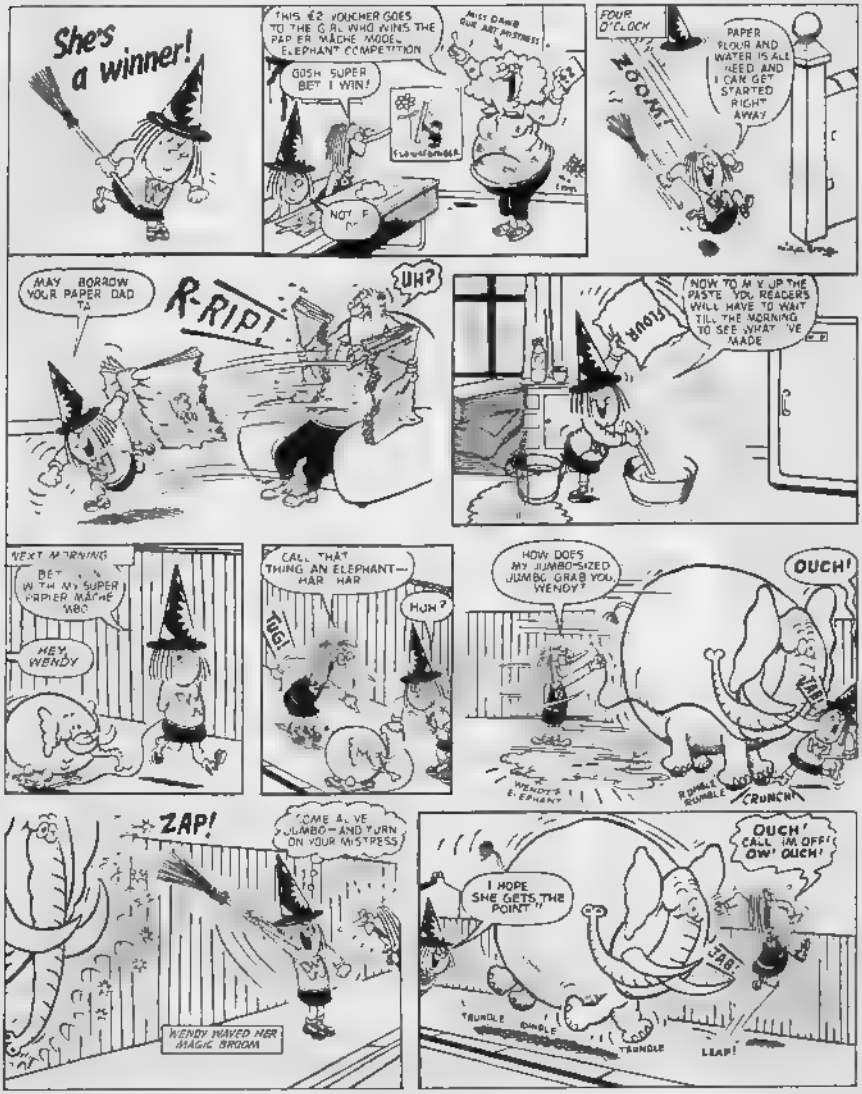

SH INGLE DO ENME CASH SO COULD BUY SOME NEW GEAR TEL HAVE TO BE MY OLD VELVET PANTS JOAN
FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY FIONA GAVE SCARCELY A THOUGHT TO ANYTH NG BUT HER OWN SELF SH NTERESTS
GET MYSELF A SCRATCH SUPPER F ONA YOU RUN ALONG AND PRETTY YOURSELF UP
OKAY WHEN THE SUN GOES BEH ND THE TREES
SHE WILL HAVE SOMETHING NEW TO WEAR SHE ALWAYS DOES IT'S MY BIRTHDAY WHY SHOULD SHE GET SHINE ME
NOBODY ELSE HAS AN THING TO COMPARE W TH MY FABL OUS ANG M PUTTING T ON
EHE OL YOUR GHOST O DEAD AND FORGOTTEN

GREAT! FOLLOWS LIKE FLIES WON'T THE OTHERS STARE BETTER HAVE A NAP NOW AS THE PARTY CELEBRATION ATE
OUTSIDE THE SHADOWS LENGTHENED THE CELLAR DOOR THAT FIONA HAD NEGLECTED TO SHUT NOW HUNG OPEN
AND THE MUMMIFIED HAND STARTED ITS
WOULD ITS NEW VICTIM PROVE AS EASY AS THE OTHERS OVER THE
EH? SOMEBODY TAPPING UNCLE?
AH WHAT'S THE

HE MUMM F ED
TO GET IN F EEL NG FOR THE CATCH
KEEP BACK I DON T MEAN TO STEAL IT TAKE YO HAND
OH NO IT T

AND MY DEAR HE
HAVE BEEN
SCREAMS THE
HOUSE DOWN WAS
THE HAND CAME
THE MYSTERY CAL
BLAME MYSELF UPSETT
YOU WITH THAT GRUESOME
STRUE TRUE TELL
AND HAUNTOR
BEHIND
HAVE HAPPE
IT'S AT PEACE NOW THE GREAT
AND THERE IT WILL STAY!
BY GREAT HEAVE
AND THE HAND
The End

WENDY the WITCH


She's a winner!
THIS $2 VOUCHER GOES TO THE G.A. WHO WINS THE PAPER MACHE MODEL ELEPHANT COMPETITION
GOSH SUPER BET I WIN!
NOT F
MISS DAMB QUE ART INSTRUCT
FLOWERPOT
FOUR O'CLOCK
ZOOM!
PAPER FLOUR AND WATER IS ALL I NEED AND I CAN GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY
MAY BORROW YOUR PAPER DAD TA
R-RIP!
UH?
FLOUR
NOW TO MIX UP THE PASTE SO, READERS WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE MORNING TO SEE WHAT I'VE MADE
NEXT MORNING
BET I WITH MY SUPER PAPIER MÂCHÉ WOO
HEY WENDY
CALL THAT THING AN ELEPHANT— HAR HAR
HUH?
TUG!
HOW DOES MY JUMBO-SIZED JUMBO GRAB YOU, WENDY?
OUCH!
JAB!
WENDY'S ELEPHANT
RUMBLE RUMBLE
CRUNCH
ZAP!
COME ALIVE JUMBO— AND TURN ON YOUR MISTRESS
WENDY WAVED HER MAGIC BROOM
I HOPE SHE GETS THE POINT
OUCH! CALL IM OFF! OW! OUCH!
JAB!
TRUNDLE
RUMBLE
TRUNDLE
LEAP!

WE'LL BE BACK!
IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT THE TREE'S GOT MOREA
WHAT DID YOU PUT ON THE TREE TO HURT THE R HANDS?
NOTHING THE TRUNK'S AS SMOOTH AS IT EVER WAS
BU THEY VE SHAKEN OFF A LEAF AND I DIDN'T PALL ON ME TO BRING LUCK SO THERE'S ONLY TWO LEFT
HEY UP!
IT'S ABOUT HIDING THE BIKE WE -
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR MUM
SHE WENT SHOPPING
When Mrs. Kay returned ..
I DON'T KNOW
YES REMEMBER THAT WAS THE NUMBER!
DID YOUR HUSBAND LEAVE HERE IN A CAR YESTERDAY REGISTRATION NUMBER LKV 6 4F
THE CAR WAS FOUND BURNED OUT AT THE BOTTOM OF HE CLIFF SAT RHOSS BAY
NO, NO!
WHERE'S MY HUSBAND? IS HE
WE FOUND NOTHING MADAM
BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM!
LOOKS LIKE A PLISS TO MAY US THINK HE'S DEAD WHEN HE'S REALLY LYING ON
NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO SAY SUCH A THING!
WE'LL KEEP A LOOKOUT WE WANT HIM DO
ONLY TWO LEFT!

PLEASE FA LON ME AND BRING DAD SOME LUCK WHEREVER HE IS!

GOOD, THEY'RE STILL THERE
WHAT'S WRONG NANCY DO YOU KEEP JUMPING UP AND DOWN LIKE THAT

IT'S JUST AN OLD SUPERSTITION SEE THE LAST LEAF FALL AND BE LUCKY
WE NEED TO BE LUCKY WAS THAT A KNOCK

OH, HELLO. YOU DON'T USUALLY COLLECT THE RENT ON A TUESDAY
JUST CAME TO ASK WHEN YOU'LL BE MOVING OUT IN VIEW OF ER I MEAN BEING AS HOW I HEARD YOUR HUSBAND'S

YOU HEARD WRONG MY HUSBAND'S ONLY GONE AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS
WELL AS LONG AS THE RENT'S PAID

OH, COME ON COULDN'T ONE OF YOU FALL ON ME?

NANCY STOP DAYDREAMING IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL

IF ONLY COULD MEET THE OLD LADY WHO USED TO LIVE AT OUR PLACE THE ONE AGGIE SAYS IS A WITCH

OH! I'M SORRY
SHE MILES AWAY
YOU CERTAINLY
TAKE YOUR TIME AND
WHEN YOU ARRIVE
YOU ALL BUT KNOCKS
A BODY DOWN!
WHY ARE YOU
SWEEPING UP
WHERE'S THE
SCHOOL KEEPER?
OHHHO! JUST
SWEEPS THINGS GET
DIRTIER AND DIRTIER
THE WORLD NEEDS A
CLEAN SWEEP
WAIT A MINUTE
KNOW WHO YOU ARE YOU
WROTE TO ME ABOUT
A CUSSING FROM THE TREE
THAT'S RIGHT
M NOT GOIN ANY
WHERE WITHOUT
MY TREE NOT AFTER
ALL THESE HUNDREDS
OF YEARS
HUNDREDS
OF YEARS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME
YOU'RE NOT FIT TO BE
GUARDIAN OF THE TREE
AND DON'T FORGET
GUARDIAN DON'T MEAN
OWNER
OH ALL MEANT
WAS T WAS A
VERY LITTLE
TREE TO BE
HUNDREDS
OF YEARS
OLD
I REMEMBER IT
WHEN IT WAS AS BIG
AS A TALL OAK
BUT IT'S A TREE THAT
GROWS SMALLER
WITH THE YEARS AND
NOW IT'S WORK IS
NEARLY DONE
THAT'S WHY
NEED A CUTTING
BOY CAN START ALL
OVER AGAIN
WAIT HERE
LL GET IT FOR
YOU
IT'S GONE!
WHY WOULD ANY
ONE WANT TO TAKE IT?
I'LL HAVE TO GET
ANOTHER NOW
When Nancy returned to the playground.
SHE'S GONE! AND
DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE SHE CAME
FROM
SURELY IT MUST
BE HERE I'LL HAVE
ANOTHER LOOK
LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING?

HELLO IRENE I WAS JUST TIDYING UP
SHE'S HYING THAT CUTTING MUST BE VALUABLE TO HER SO USE IT TO MY ADVANTAGE
IF IRENE HADN'T SAID WE'RE FRIENDS NOW I'D HAVE BRIAN SHED TAKEN THE CLOTHING BUT WHAT FOR? IT'S NO GOOD TO HER
I'LL KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HER FOR YOU SAY WHY DON'T YOU COME ROUND TO MY PLACE NOW?
I'D LOVE TO BUT I'D RATHER GET BACK AND MAKE SURE THE LAST TWO SAVES HAVEN'T FALLEN
YOU KNOW YOU'VE EVEN GOT ME BELIEVING THIS STUFF NOW I'LL COME WITH YOU BUT LET'S GO MY WAY SO I CAN TELL MUM
YOU HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE TOO?
NO! THAT'S MY DAD, SILLY. HE'S JUST GOING ON DUTY
WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL ME
I DIDN'T SEEM WORTH MENTIONING
I JUST THOUGHT YOUR DAD MIGHT NOT LIKE US BEING FRIENDS. WEAR WITH MY DAD UNDER SUSPICION
NANCY DAD LET'S ME CHOOSE MY OWN FRIENDS!
WHAT DOES SHE WANT THIS STUPID TWIG FOR IF I KNEW I COULD FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING AT HER
LOOKS LIKE THE TREE'S ALL ENOUGH NANCY
WHAT'S HAPPENED AGGIE? THE COUNCIL WORKMEN CHOPPED IT DOWN!
NO THE LAST TWO LEAVES JUST FELL SO IF THERE WAS ANY THING SPECIAL ABOUT THE TREE YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR

BE
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US NOW? WAS DEPENDING ON THOSE LEAVES TO BRING US LUCK
WISH THE TREE WOULD STILL HAVE SOME EVEN IF THERE AREN'T ANY LEAVES LEFT
WSEEING THINGS THE LEAVES ARE GOING BACK AGAIN!
JUST then her friends arrived
AGGIE SALLY WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE IT'S A SPECIAL TREE NOW THE LEAVES WENT BACK
WHAT YOU RABBITIN ON ABOUT?
MAYBE THE LEAVES NEVER FE L OFF NAUGH
NAH! THEY FE L OFF ALL RIGHT SAW EM THINK NAH I STUCK EM BACK WITH GLUE OR SOME THING
AGGIE YELL YOU JUST WISHED AND
NANCY
SOUNDS IKE TROUBLE TO BETTER US
MUM THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT
JUST GOT BACK I HAD A MESSAGE TO GO TO THE PHONE BOOK
THOUGH YOUR DAD MIGHT BE TRYING TO GET ROUND TO US
WHO WAS MUM?
T WAS JACK WADE HE ASKED ME IF DAD GOT AWAY

OH WHAT THEN THEY MUST HAVE SPLIT UP AFTER THE CAR CRASHED
BUT WHY ISN'T HE IN LONDON WITH JACK WADE
OH DON'T KNOW I'M SO CONFUSED DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING!
I'M SURE DAD'S ALL RIGHT JUST FEEL IT IN MY BONES
LET GO OF ME YOU DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE THEY CHUCKED YOU OUT
HEY WHAT'S ALL THE AGGRO?
YOU LITTLE THIEF
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT
DON'T MIND ME I ONLY LIVE HERE
SO YOU'VE MOVED UP HAVE YOU ABOUT TIME TOO I'M GUARDIAN NOW TAKE YOU UNDER MY WING AND STOP THAT CUTTING
I'M SORRY ABOUT HARRIET I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE GIVE ANOTHER KISS
OOH NO YOU WON'T DESTROY THE POWERS
BUT YOU SAID
ONLY ONE CUTTING CAN BE TAKEN EVERY SEVEN YEARS YOU JUST TAKE WANT IT BACK MY VOICES TOLD ME IT WAS A GIRL WHO STOLE IT
AND AS FOR YOU WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A ROTTEN CUTTING
THINK YOUR ER VOICES MAY BE WRONG
THEY'RE NEVER WRONG
THE CUTTING WAS IN MY DESK AT SCHOOL SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY ELSE
IRENE? MOON LET'S MOVE

WE'LL BE YOU LATER
BRING THE CUTTING STRAIGHT BACK DON'T WANT IT LOST AGAIN!
I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND HERE

BYE MUM WON'T BE LONG!
LOOK ONE OF THOSE TWO LEAVES FELL ON YOU

YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE PLEASE BRING ME LUCK
I'LL BE BACK SOON BREADBOX!

AS KIDS WE USED TO HAVE A HIDEOUT UP THERE
BRR IT LOOKS A BIT CREEPY

WE'LL NEVER FIND HER IT'S LIKE A JUNGLE
SHH! CAN HEAR SOMETHING UP AHEAD. SET TO HERE!

OOH OVER THERE THE BUSHES ARE MOVING

As they gang chase
RUN!

DADDY WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN NANCY

DAD'S ON THE RUN AND SALLY'S SEEN HIM AND MUM DAD'S A POLICEMAN WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW?

SORRY TO BARGE IN BUT YOU'LL BE MR HARRY BUT NOBODY MUST KNOW HE'S STILL ALIVE JACK WADE TRIED TO KILL ME BUT ESCAPED WHEN THE CAR CRASHED

JACK WADE'S THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES WHILE OUR HOUSE WAS EMPTY HE AND HIS SKIN ENDS HID COUNTERFEIT MONEY BENEATH THE F OORBOARDS WE MOVED IN BEFORE THEY'D HAD A CHANCE TO GET T

HIS OFFER OF A JOB WAS A BLUFF TO GET ME AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AND FRAME ME
THINK YOU OUGHT TO TELL THE POLICE MR RAY

THEY'D NEVER LISTEN THEY'VE GOT IN FOR ME
IT MIGHT BE WORTH A TRY SALLY'S DAD'S A POLICEMAN!

YOU ARE NOT TO SAY A WORD- EITHER OF YOU DO YOU HEAR
BUT
LISTEN SOMEONE'S CALLING FOR HELP!

THERE IT IS AGAIN SOUNDS LIKE IRENE
KNEW HE'D FIND HER HERE

UP UP HERE
JUST LIKE A CAT SMALL RE A L THE F RI BRIGADE

LOST YOUR PARACHUTE THEN
JUST CUT OUT THE F UNNIES AND HELP ME DOWN
AND WHERE'S THAT CUTTING YOU STOLE IRENE

THAT CUTTING WAS VERY SPECIAL YOU CAN ONLY ARE ONE EVERY SEVEN YEARS THE OLD LADY SAID

CHUCKED IT UP IN THOSE BRANCHES YOU WANT YOU GET IT
SEE IT BUT HOW DO WE REACH IT?
IT'S FALLEN SEE IT REALLY IS SPECIAL
SEEMS IT'S MAYBE WERE'LL TREAT YOU WITH MORE RESPECT IN FUTURE
WHAT YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT YOUR DAD
I'VE GOT TO TELL MUM HE'S OK C'MON
I THINK YOUR MUMS GOT TROUBLE THAT BLOKE WHO TOOK YOUR DAD OFF IS BACK AGAIN
JACK WADE
I'LL GO FOR DAD NANCY
IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHERE HE IS YOU'LL BE SORRY
DON KNOW IF DID WOULDN'T TELL YOU!
RIGHT THEN GONNA HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY
IN MY ARMS
YOU'LL GO OF MY MUM
HA HA I AIN'T FRIGHTENED OF A TWIG!
Suddenly a whistling shoal of leaves dropped from the ceiling
WHAT THEY
THIS IS MADNESS AIN'T MOVE
JUST WHAT THE
DON'T BELIEVE IT'S HAPPENING
THERE HE IS DAD
HE WAS BEATING MUM UP
BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME SIR

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST COPPER!
HE'S GETTING AWAY UP THE VIADUCT
WE WON'T CATCH HIM ON FOOT PHONE THE STATION!
THEY'LL NEVER GET ME NOW.
Suddenly the whole earth seemed to tremble in pain
AAAARGH! I'VE LOST MY GRIP!
THAT PASSING TRAIN STARTLED HIM HE'S OUT COLD
LOOK UP THERE IT'S HER AGAIN!
THE OLD WOMAN WHO OWNS THE TREE
I'VE COME FOR ME CUTTING!
SOMEBODY TELL ME I'M DREAMING
Nancy found a leaf in her hair
SEEMS TO BE SHRIVELLY PERHAPS BRINGING ME GOOD FORTUNE FOR GOOD! I'D BETTER GO AND ASK THE OLD WOMAN
OH WON'T I GET A CHANCE SHE'S GONE
It took just an instant for Nancy and Hal to run through Nancy's mind
THOUGHT OVER WHAT YOU AND YOUR FRIEND SAID NANCY AND GAVE MYSELF UP
OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER NOW
AND THERE'S A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD FOR ROUNDING UP THAT COUNTERFEITING RING
THE DAY OF THE GAZETTE CAN BE HAVE A CHAT
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN NEWS AGAIN DAD!
AND TO GOOD NEWS THIS TIME
But the strange events made a quite a headline!
WHILE YOU WERE AWAY THE TREE JUST VANISHED
NOT SURPRISED THE OLD WOMAN TOLD ME THAT'S HOW IT'D BE ONCE THE LAST LEAF FELL BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER AGGIE DON'T NEED THE TREE AND ITS POWER ANY MORE!
BUT SOMEONE ELSE WILL AND IF THEY'RE LUCKY AS WAS MAYBE NEXT SPRING THE TREE AND ITS LEAVES'LL RETURN AGAIN HOW IT HAPPENS IN FACT I'M SURE IT WILL
The End

Strange things happen when a girl

STRING OF

is given a weird old necklace

SEVEN STONES

STRING OF SEVEN STONES

THE CHAIR THAT CHILLED...

HANK AND HER PARENTS HAD MOVED TO THE COUNTRY
FRANKIE THE ROOF'S ROTTEN AS A PEAR WATTIL TOMORROW I'M GOING TO HAVE A WORD WITH DUNNE ON ABOUT THIS SLEAZE HE'S SOLD US
HARD LUCK SHOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT THE PLACE IN THE FIRST PLACE A GOOD SURVEY NEEDS A NEW ROOF BEFORE
A NEW ROOF? CRIKEY MR STOKES COULDN'T AFFORD IT
ONE DEPOSIT FOR THIS PLACE USED UP ALL OUR SAVINGS
HANG ON CHUM!
DON'T BE TO SEE BEING FIN ROUND THAT'S WHAT US COUNTRY FOLK ARE BE PLEASED WE CAN SORT SOMETHING OUT COME IN AND WE HAVE A CHAT
'LL PAY FOR YOUR NEW ROOF THEM WEARN BUSINESS JOE HAVE A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY IN RETURN YOU CAN DO ME AN THE MISSUS A FAVOUR
IT'LL COST A BOMB PLUS A NEW ROOF WHAT KIND OF FAVOUR WILL BE WORTH THAT MUCH?
WE BUSINESSMEN TRY TO SEE THINGS GOING E-A-S-Y
YES JEAN!

SO HE GOT RID OF THAT CHAIR THAT WHAT THEM FORMS WAS ABOUT
THAT'S RIGHT HE'S NOT ONLY REPAIRING MY ROOF HE GAVE ME THIS NICE BLOKE
NICE HIM! HE'S A TWISTER! JUST GETTING RID OF THE CHAIR'S WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE TO HIM!
YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG COME ON JANIE
I'M TELLING YOU LADS YOUR FATHER'S OWNER OF A CHAIR THAT'S GOING TO GIVE SOMEONE THE WORST DAY OF THEIR LIFE EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE HOPED TED SYKES WASN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO GET RID OF IT IN TIME BUT HE WAS NOW!
BUT SURELY HE COULDN'VE GOT RID OF IT ANY TIME HE WANTED TO!
HE TRIED BUT IT ALWAYS CAME BACK NO ONE IN THE VILLAGE'D TAKE IT FOR A FORTUNE HE WAS GREEDY ENOUGH TO GET HOLD OF A NEWCOMER YOUR DAD!
BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CHAIR
IT'S CURSED, LASS! CURSED BY CAPTAIN BARTON HE WAS TWISTED BY TED SYKES AND SWORE HE'D LEAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HIM BY SO HE LEFT HIM THAT CHAIR IN HIS WILL AND THE WORST DAY OF HIS LIFE
SOUNDS LIKE A LOCAL FAIRY STORY TO ME
DAD YOU'VE CUT YOURSELF SO THERE IS SOMETHING UP LUCKY ABOUT THE CHAIR!
CAUGHT MY HAND ON A NAIL IN THE DOOR FRAME WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE CHAIR?
Janie told her parents what she had heard
IF THAT CHAIR BRINGS ME THE KIND OF BAD LUCK IT'S BROUGHT TO SYKES I'LL BE RICH SOON!
BUT GEORGE SAID IT WAS GOING TO BRING SOMEONE THE WORST DAY IN THE H
IF TED SYKES COULDN'T GET RID OF IT EVEN BY MAKING YOU IT'S LEGAL OWNER HE MUST HAVE BEEN SCARED! ASKING FOR OUR NEW ROOF IS A KIND OF BRIBE
PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO GET RID OF IT LOVE JUST IN CASE!
CHUCK A RUDE CHAIR AWAY NO FEAR! IT GETTING MY HAND CUT A BIT IS THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE IT'S OVER!
THINK THAT WAS JUST A WARNING DAD AND THERE'S MORE TO COME
YOU'RE GIVING ME THE CREEPS BOTH OF YOU ALL RIGHT I'LL SAVE IT OUT FOR THE DUSTMEN TOMORROW!

SORRY GUY AIN'T TOUCHIN OLD CAPN BARTON'S CHAIR GIVE Y BATE ID THAT TWISTER NEXT DOOR
MY MY GIVING MY NICE GIFT AWAY ISN'T WHAT I CALL GRATITUDE
GOING TO TRY THE COUNCIL DUMPY BASTIN YEA TIME STILL DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR ROOF 'L BE FINISHED BY THE END OF THE WEEK
THERE IT'S ALL OVER NOW CHARLES CAN'T WALK BACK HOME!
S'POSE YOU'RE RIGHT BUT Y SEEMS TOO EASY!
THAT'S A RELIEF
DAD TELL ME IT'S NOT TRUE! THE CHAIR LOOK
BLAST! THIS BIT OF ROPE GOT CAUGHT IN THE BUMPER BUT WHY DIDN'T IT GET KNOCKED TO BITS ON THE ROAD?
DAD I'M SCARED SUPPOSE IT IS CURSED
IT WAS THIS WITH THE CHAIR TOOK THE THREAT OF THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE AND IT'S NO GOOD TRYING TO ESCAPE
MAYBE THERE'S ONE WAY AND I'M GOING TO TAKE IT AN OLD CHAIR'S NOT RUINING MY LIFE
JANE'S GONE CRAZY!
THIS IS THE ONE WAY TO GET RID OF THIS HORRIBLE CHAIR!
JANE DON'T S CURSED HARM YOU!
W WHAT THERE A FORTUNE IN GOLD SOVEREIGNS HIDDEN IN THE CHAIR!
HEY WHERE'S THE ROW ABOUT?
ERRRTH!
THAT'S MY PROPERTY SO THAT MONEY'S MINE
THINK NOT YOU MADE SURE IT WAS LEGALLY MINE MR SYKES REMEMBER?
AND WITNESSED THAT
SO THAT WAS OLD CAPN BARTON'S CURSE A FORTUNE UNDER HIS ROSE ALL THE TIME AND TED SYKES DIDN'T KNOW THIS MUST BE THE WORST DAY OF HIS LIFE ALL RIGHT!

The

Let's be clear about it. I didn't like that house. From the first. I just didn't like it. It wasn't just that is was smaller than we'd been used to. Now we weren't going to have Dad living with us any more Mum said we just had to have somewhere smaller.

Like I said I didn't mind that. I was sort of — well, sulking, resentful if you can say that about a house. Then my kid sister started hanging round the place before we'd actually moved in claiming there were squatters there, that she'd heard noises, knockings and rappings inside, and seen lights there flashing on and off. But since she'd always been the sort to imagine things Mum and I didn't take any notice of her.

Cupboard

The Cupboard

It was a difficult time for Mum when we moved in so I pretended to like the room I was given even though it was smaller than any I'd ever had before.

"If you like to redecorate the room yourself, Sheila," Mum said "you can choose any colour scheme you like."

Well, I was keen on the idea. I felt the room would sort of be my own creation then and I would have obliterated any past it had ever had. So one weekend I changed into my oldest clothes and got to work. Louise, that's my sister, said she'd help but she skived off after about an hour when the going got tough. Ever tried to scrape several old layers of wallpaper off by yourself? Well, it isn't easy. But it suddenly got more interesting when I realised up in one corner there was something behind the old paper. A door. I called Louise back to help me. We pulled at the paper like mad things until at last we stood looking at the door. How long since it has last been opened?

"Well, open it," said Louise.

"How? There's no handle," I pointed out.

Together we thumped at the door which at first didn't move and then with a protesting creaking noise started to fall on us. A last rusty hinge held it and prevented it falling completely. Louise peered inside and made a face.

"Cor. What a pong."

I pushed her aside and looked in too. It was a roomy cupboard. Musty, it was true, but wallpaper and paint would soon fix that. I was quite pleased. I was going to have extra storage space and Mum wouldn't be always going on about how untidy my bedroom was.

After that I really worked on that room and when it was finished it was transformed. It was really nice. The cupboard door was re-hung by our carpenter, Mr. Gibson, and inside there was room for all my newest outfits as well as my record collection and some books on a shelf Mr Gibson put in. I really felt I was going to be happy in that house after all.

You can imagine my surprise when I got back from school the Monday after that weekend to find Mum with a face as black as thunder and going on in her 'more in sorrow than in anger' voice.

"Sheila, I really do wish now that room's painted you'd try and keep it tidy. I must have told you a million times...."

"But...," I tried to interrupt.

"And don't give me your usual list of excuses. Get the room tidied up," she snapped.

I ran up those stairs pretty fast and threw open the door. All my clothes were scattered all over the floor, most of them without their hangers. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Louise passing my room. I shot out and grabbed her pushing her inside.

"Clean it up," I said.

"Eh? Whaffor?" she wailed.

"This is your doing."

"No, it's not. Honest, Sheila. I only got back a minute ago."

"Then who took that stuff out of the cupboard and . . ."

"I told you there's something funny about this house."

"Oh, get out, I said impatiently and booted her through the door before starting to gather up the stuff.

Once I'd tidied I thought no more about the mystery till I was lying in bed that night. For some reason I was finding it difficult to go to sleep. I thought I heard a scratching noise. Mice? It was possible. It wasn't a new house, after all.

But suddenly the cupboard door flew open with a bang as though a great blast of wind had gathered inside the cupboard and forced it back. Maybe Mr Gibson hadn't fixed those hinges so well after all I told myself. Anyway I got out of bed and closed it again but before I could get back to bed it had crashed open once more in exactly the same way.

"Well stay open," I said. "See if I care."

But I wasn't going to get to sleep. There was a knock at my door. It was Louise.

"You all right?"

"Of course," I said, "why shouldn't I be?"

"I thought I heard someone crying, sort of whimpering."

"That sounds just like me, doesn't it?" I mocked

"It must've been a nightmare "

"Lie and read for a bit till you feel better," I said.

The Cupboard

"Can't" came the reply. "My light won't go on."

Suddenly there was the noise again. The scratching. We both heard it. Coming from the direction of the cupboard.

"You've got mice in there," said Louise.

"Let's see," I said flicking the light switch. Nothing happened. The room stayed dark. I tried the light on the landing. Same thing. The lights must have fused.

"Oh, well," I said and went downstairs to the kitche.

"Here, don't leave me," said Louise, following.

Downstairs I lit a candle and went back up again.

"Look, you get back to bed," I ordered the still following Louise.

"I don't like this house," she said.

"Nor do I, particularly," I reminded her, "but the trouble seems to be in my room so just stop moaning."

Reaching the door of my room I could now hear not only scratching but something half way betwee someone having difficulty breathing and a whimper

"Hear that?" said Louise, "somebody crying. Like I said."

"Rubbish," I snorted and went into my room clutching the candle and leaving the anxious Louise at the door. I peered into the shadows and especially into the cupboard but there was nothing there . . . and now the sounds had stopped. I slammed the door to and this time it stayed shut.

"Goodnight," I called to Louise and blew out my candle.

But in the morning the cupboard door was open again and my clothes strewn all over the floor. I picked them up and put them on their hangers and tried to put them on the rail inside the cupboard. But they just wouldn't stay there. They'd slide to one end of the rail and there the clothes would slip from the hangers. It was as though they had a life of their own.

I told Mum at breakfast just hoping she'd believe me and was glad when she seemed to.

"It is an old house," she mused, "perhaps the floor's on the slant. Perhaps because it was no good as a cupboard is the reason somebody covered it up."

Well, the thought was sort of comforting and convincing — in daylight. It was when the sun went down other reasons suggested themselves. Mum was working late that night and it was already dark when I got back.

The evenings were drawing in. The lights seemed to be working which was a relief. Mum must have fixed them. I'd just started to make a pot of tea when there was the most tremendous crash from upstairs. What was Louise up to now? Then I remembered she was staying at a friend's for the evening. I went upstairs and peeped into my room. As I'd half expected the cupboard door was wide open. But all over the floor were my books and my records many of them broken. Looking inside the cupboard I saw the shelf had slipped and catapulted everything that had been on it down on to the floor. I decided I must take a firm grip on myself.

There was no need to get imaginative. There had to be a natural explanation. What about a slanting floor like Mum had suggested?

I went down on my knees and peered inside the cupboard But the floor looked level to me. And then I spotted it. Writing. A childish scrawl on the floor and on the dado.

"I hate Miss Jessup," it said. And there was a date, too. 1903.

Who's Miss Jessup, I wondered, before I noticed there was more, too.

Screwing up my eyes I could just make out the message written so many years ago.

"Miss Jessup is a hateful governess. She locks me in here for hours. She knows I'm afraid of the dark but I have a torch now. I'd bless anyone who let me out but not her. I'll have revenge on her."

Poor little boy. Locked up in the dark he hated all those years ago. And then a thought struck me. Was it his ghost that still haunted the cupboard? Had he perhaps died inside?

Well, if it was, I told myself, everything should be all right now.

I spoke out loud.

The Cupboard

"Look, if you are a ghost I've let you out at last and you ought to bless me like you said. I'm not Miss Jessup so don't revenge yourself on me. And please leave my things alone in future."

That ought to work I told myself

It didn't. That night was worse than ever. The light flashed on and off. The cupboard door banged open. There were crashes from inside but when I looked in nothing had fallen. And every time I shut that door I seemed to hear the eerie whimpering Louise had spoken of. In the end I went into Louise's room and asked her to let me sleep there.

I didn't know how to explain things to Mum. She's always been the level headed sort, not one to believe in ghosts and things that go bump in the night. But I just didn't know how I was going to spend another night in that room.

But when I came home from school that night I found someone not at all ghostly already in the room Mr. Gibson, with spirit level and paint brush in hand. Mum must have sent for him to check on the floor.

"Oh," I cried, looking into the cupboard, you haven't covered up the writing? Painted over it?"

"Afraid I have," he said, "Thought you had ghosts when you read that, did you?"

I nodded.

"Could be right, too," he mused, "I remember the fuss. That little perisher what Miss Jessup shut up in there said he'd have his revenge — and when he grew up, d'you know that's just what he did! He shut *her* in there and didn't tell anyone. Nobody found her until long after she'd starved to death. Ever since then there's been all sorts of stories about this place only I never told your Mum seeing as she reckoned she was getting the place cheap an' all."

Then I realised. It was her ghost that plagued the cupboard. Not the child's at all. She was the one that caused the trouble. I must have turned very pale because suddenly Mr. Gibson grinned and ruffled my hair, obviously worried about what he'd said

"Hey, you didn't really believe me, did you?" he grinned. "I was just kidding. You won't have any more trouble with the cupboard now."

Just kidding? I knew different. And sure enough Miss Jessup came that night. I don't mean I saw her. But she was there all right. First I heard her whimpering then that breathing as though from a person at their last gasp. Once again the door banged open and I heard the breathing coming closer.

Suddenly all the clothes, were snatched from the bed and something seemed to drag me towards the cupboard. I went toward it like one accepting their doom. I think now Miss Jessup wanted someone, anyone, to share her horrible fate. I stood before the cupboard, my ears full of nothing but that ghastly whimpering when suddenly there was a rapping at the door. Mum stood there, radiant.

"Your Dad's phoned just now. We want you children to know. We think we made an awful mistake. We're going back together. We'll *all* be together, a family again."

I hugged her and Louise came and hugged her, too. The cupboard was just a cupboard again. I closed the door. Nothing happened. I heard nothing. In the rest of the time we were in that house I was ready for more trouble from Miss Jessup but the cupboard door stayed firmly shut. My clothes hung where I put them and my remaining unbroken records stayed where I put them. Maybe Mr. Gibson did a good job on the cupboard.

Maybe Miss Jessup's spirit didn't care to share a cupboard with pop records anyway. Maybe a family's happiness drives out another's misery. But I'll never know the truth about that cupboard except that long ago it harboured hate and fear.

Whether it ever gave trouble to anyone else I won't know either for we moved to another house to be together in the way we have been ever since.

THE END

Borgia-

HOUSE OF HORROR

THE BORGIAS WERE WITHOUT doubt the most infamous famiuly in Europe between the 15th and 16th century. Their era and their history, cloaked in mystery and intrigue, are linked closely with the Italian Renaissance in which riches, power politics and war, as well as art, all played an important part.

From humble impoverished beginnings in Spain, the Borgia forebears were to move to Italy and from Rome they built an empire, which for over three hundred years meant corruption and death. Politicians, state figures, even the Church, were to feel their deadly embrace. Cesare Borgia and his father Rodrigo were the most notorious, especially Cesare whose shady dealings in and out of his own court brought him immense wealth and respect. He frequently dressed all in black and padded quietly about his own castles listening for plots against himself. Many who crossed his path were to perish mysteriously or simply never seen again. Little evidence could ever be produced to implicate the Borgias, for

those who dared speak out against them met a similar fate.

Lucrezia, a strikingly beautiful woman, was a major pawn in Cesare's plans, which often involved marriages of convenience to further the family's power. Her short life, which over the years made her a legend, became a web of slander and fantasy. She was married three times and Cesare probably killed one of her husbands. She was frequently supposed to have poisoned many of the family's enemies on her brother's orders.

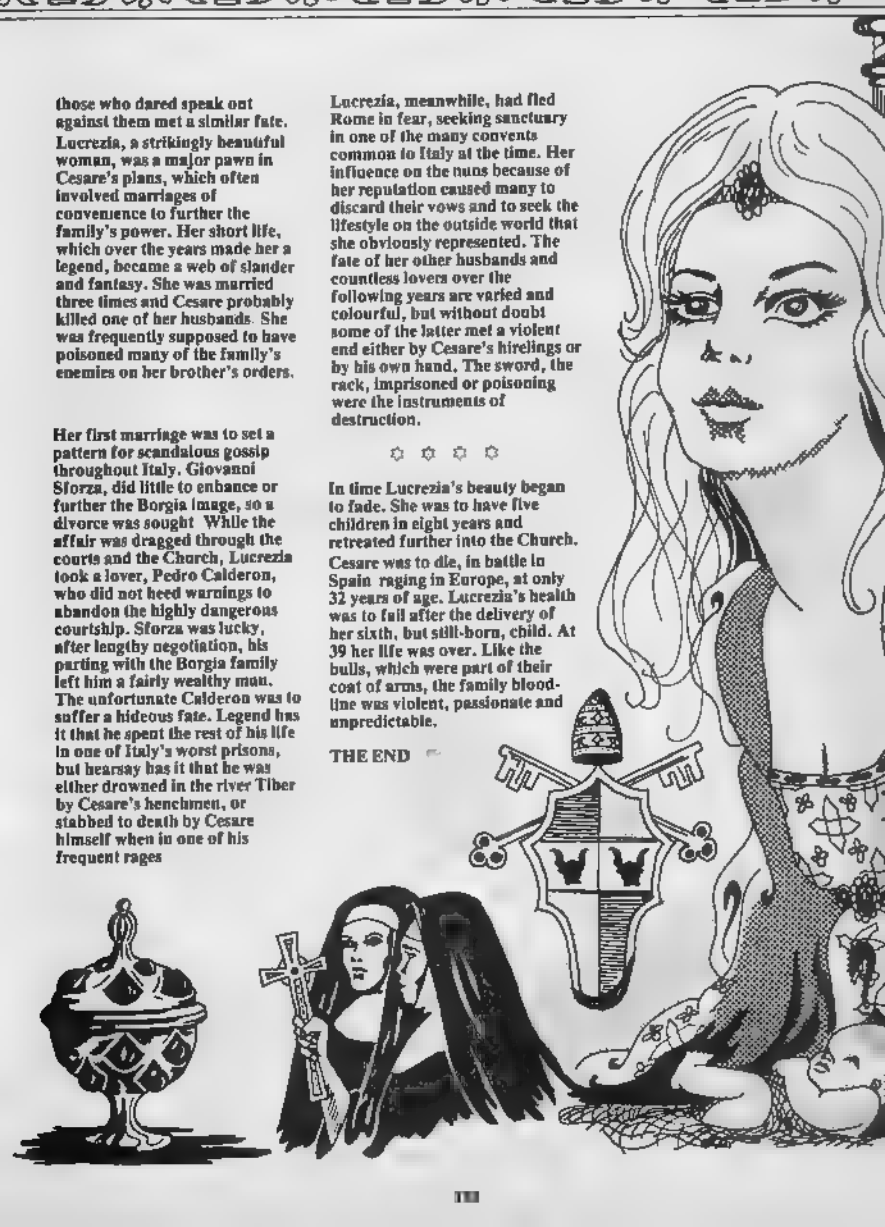
Her first marriage was to set a pattern for scandalous gossip throughout Italy. Giovanni Sforza, did little to enhance or further the Borgia image, so a divorce was sought. While the affair was dragged through the courts and the Church, Lucrezia took a lover, Pedro Calderon, who did not heed warnings to abandon the highly dangerous courtship. Sforza was lucky, after lengthy negotiation, his parting with the Borgia family left him a fairly wealthy man. The unfortunate Calderon was to suffer a hideous fate. Legend has it that he spent the rest of his life in one of Italy's worst prisons, but hearsay has it that he was either drowned in the river Tiber by Cesare's henchmen, or stabbed to death by Cesare himself when in one of his frequent rages

Lucrezia, meanwhile, had fled Rome in fear, seeking sanctuary in one of the many convents common to Italy at the time. Her influence on the nuns because of her reputation caused many to discard their vows and to seek the lifestyle on the outside world that she obviously represented. The fate of her other husbands and countless lovers over the following years are varied and colourful, but without doubt some of the latter met a violent end either by Cesare's hirelings or by his own hand. The sword, the rack, imprisoned or poisoning were the instruments of destruction.

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

In time Lucrezia's beauty began to fade. She was to have five children in eight years and retreated further into the Church. Cesare was to die, in battle in Spain raging in Europe, at only 32 years of age. Lucrezia's health was to fail after the delivery of her sixth, but still-born, child. At 39 her life was over. Like the bulls, which were part of their coat of arms, the family blood-line was violent, passionate and unpredictable.

THE END



WENDY the WITCH

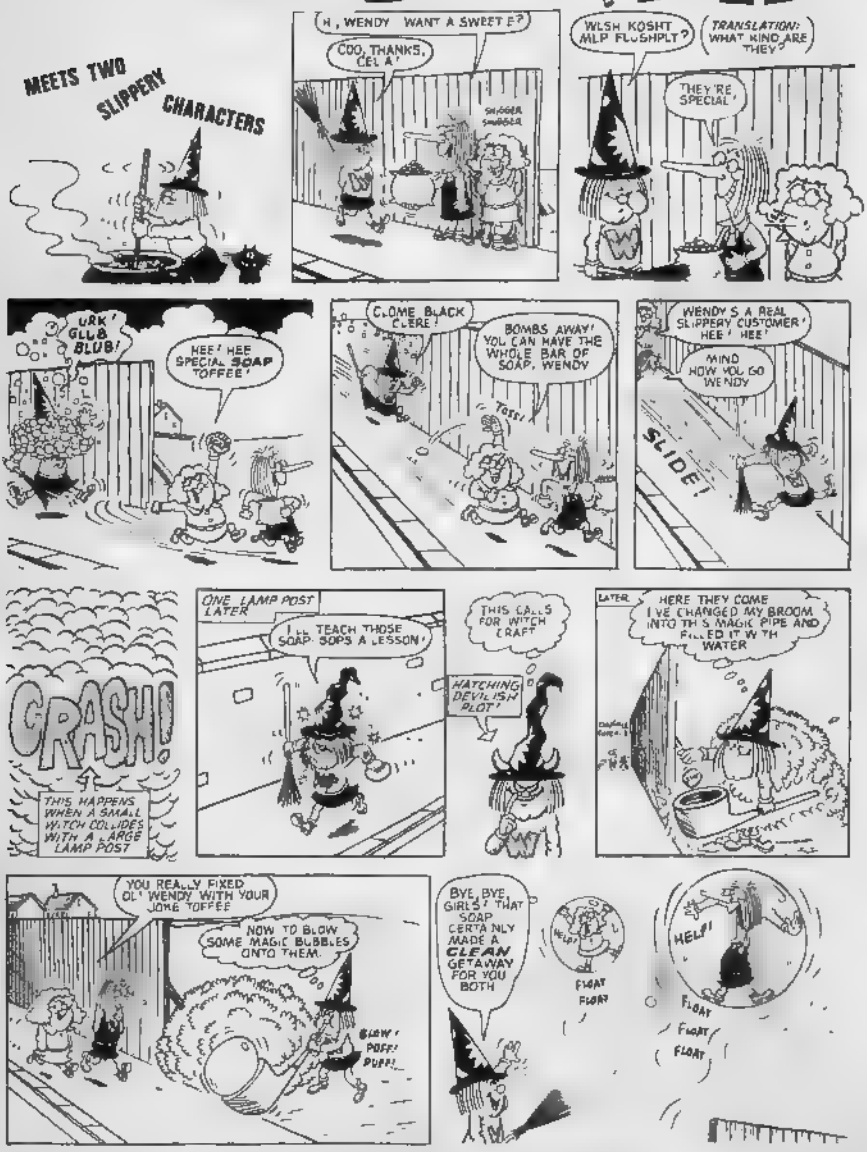
LAST DANCE AT THE DISCO

HEY! YOU THERE JOHN JACOBS JOHN JACOBS WILL BE AT THE DISCO TONIGHT
JOHN JACOBS JOHN JACOBS THAT'S ALL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THESE DAYS. I MUST BE LOVE
THAT'S FUNNY... THERE'S NO ONE AT THE DOOR
DON'T WORRY THERE'S BOUND TO BE SOMEONE DOWNSTAIRS WE CAN PAY THEM
BYE GIRLS! ENJOY YOURSELVES
DON'T WORRY WE WILL
BOSH! THERE'S NO ONE DOWN HERE EITHER IT'S NINE O'CLOCK!
CRIKEY AND HAVE YOU NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE THERE'S NO MUSIC!
BUT THIS IS CRAZY THE PLACE IS EMPTY AND IT'S USUALLY PACKED BY NINE OR EIGHT
PERHAPS THEY'VE CLOSED IT DOWN OR SOMETHING NO WE WOULD'VE HEARD ABOUT THAT

OH WELL IT'S NO USE HANGING AROUND FOR A BIT THE DOOR WAS OPEN SO THERE MUST BE SOMEONE ABOUT
IT'S SO DEADLY QUIET NEVER THOUGHT A DISCO COULD BE SO SPOOKY
HERE MARJ HAVE A BIT OF DRINK AND SOME BINGO WHILE BOARD TO BE FOUND
THANKS JUSIE
JUSIE DOR THERE'S NOTHING IN THE BOTTLE IT'S JUST A BROWN COLOURED BOTTLE
WHAT
THE MAGAZINE LOOKED ALL RIGHT FROM THE OUTSIDE BUT ALL THE PAGES INSIDE ARE BLANK
OOOOH DRINKS THERE'S DRINK IN ANY OF THE BOTTLES
MARGE YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS EITHER
O GOOD GRIEF THERE'S SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG WITH THIS PLACE IT'S AS IF IT'S NOT OUR DISCO AT ALL LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
THE DOOR WON'T OPEN
DON'T PANIC MARGE LET'S TRY THE OTHER ONE
WON'T OPEN EITHER WE'RE TRAPPED WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US
DON'T CRY MARJIE YOU'RE MAKING ME FRIGHTENED TOO
DOOR A LIGHT WENT ON OVER HERE IN THE MANAGERS OFFICE THIS IS SOMEONE HERE AFTER ALL WE'LL BE ALRIGHT
PLEASE COME THIS WAY AND DON'T BE FRIGHTENED YOUR LIFE OF PAIN IS OVER
YOU'RE NOT THE MANAGER WHO ARE YOU?
YOU WILL FIND THAT OUT LATER RIGHT NOW WE'RE HERE TO PREPARE YOU FOR YOUR JOURNEY
JOURNEY WHAT JOURNEY I'M GOING NOWHERE
STOP THESE ARE NOT THE GIRLS!
BUT DON'T UNDERSTAND WE'VE NEVER MADE A MISTAKE BEFORE
HEY WHAT'S GOING ON WE'RE NOT WHAT JOURNEY BUSES AND WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
DON'T KNOW BUT SOMEHOW I'M NOT FRIGHTENED ANYMORE THERE'S A STRANGE CALM IN THIS ROOM

I AM SORRY WE HAVE MADE A MISTAKE YOU SEE. NOW LEAVE AND PLEASE TRY TO FORGET THE WHOLE INCIDENT
YES, I AM SO NO GOOD TO ROGER ON IT IS BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING
SISTER SUSIE SUNSHINE
BUT HOW COME
WHAT BAD IN THE ABOVE
DUNNO BUT ALL THESE PEOPLE WEREN'T HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO! AND LOOK THERE'S GRIME IN THE BOTTLES NOW!
EXCUSE ME BUT HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE
TWO HOURS WHY DO YOU ASK?
TWO HOURS - THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE
YES WE IS ONLY BEEN IN THAT ROOM FOR TEN MINUTES MEHAPS MY SHOULD TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT IT
GET OUT OF HERE! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE
I SORRY
THE ROOM'S BEEN CHANGED AND I'M THE MANAGER
OH NO
DAILY NEWS
DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS WE'RE NOT GOING MAD ARE WE
NOW THEN
MUM WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
OF COURSE NOT BUT THINK WE SHOULD TAKE THAT STRANGER'S ADVICE AND FORGET THE WHOLE THING. WE NEVER UNDERSTAND IT AND NO ONE WILL BELIEVE US IF WE TELL THEM
OH SURE! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU WERE LAST NIGHT READ THE PAPER
YOU'RE RIGHT SUSIE
BUT WE ESCAPED BY MISTAKE WAS THAT ONE THOSE 3 RANCE PEOPLE LAST NIGHT APPEARED AND THEN LET US GO A L KNOW IS "IT NOT GOING TO BE OUR LAST DANCE AT THE DISCO AFTER ALL
WILL LON TO ONE CHANCE YET NOBODY AT THE DISCO REALISED THEY WERE IN DANGER NOBODY EXCEPT MARGIE AND

WENDY the WITCH


MEETS TWO SLIPPERY CHARACTERS
H, WENDY WANT A SWEETIE?
COO, THANKS, CEL A'
SLURP SMACK
WLSH KOSHT MLP FLOSHPLT?
TRANSLATION: WHAT KIND ARE THEY?
THEY'RE SPECIAL!
URK! GLUB BLUB!
HEE! HEE SPECIAL SOAP TOFFEE!
COME BLACK CLERE!
BOMBS AWAY! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE BAR OF SOAP, WENDY
TOSS!
WENDY'S A REAL SLIPPERY CUSTOMER! HEE! HEE!
MIND HOW YOU GO WENDY
SLIDE!
CRASH!
THIS HAPPENS WHEN A SMALL WITCH COLLIDES WITH A LARGE LAMP POST
ONE LAMP POST LATER
I'LL TEACH THOSE SOAP SOPS A LESSON!
THIS CALLS FOR WITCH CRAFT
HATCHING DEVILISH PLOT?
LATER
HERE THEY COME I'VE CHANGED MY BROOM INTO TH'S MAGIK PIPE AND FILLED IT W TH WATER
YOU REALLY FIXED OL' WENDY WITH YOUR JOKE TOFFEE
NOW TO BLOW SOME MAGIC BUBBLES ONTO THEM.
BLOW! PUFF! PUFF!
BYE, BYE, GIRLS! THAT SOAP CERTA NLY MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY FOR YOU BOTH
HELP!
FLOAT
FLOAT
FLOAT
FLOAT

DON'T DON'T DO IT CALL OFF THE RIVER BOAT TRIP FOR THE LUCKY WINNERS!
A BOAT TRIP? BUT THAT WAS TO HAVE BEEN A VICTORIAN FANCY DRESS AFFAIR!
BUT MISS SWEET ERICA THE COMPET HAS NOT RUN
OF COURSE A CURRENT AFFAIRS A FINE LOOK AT YOUR ERA
CURRENT AFFAIRS! OOH I'D NOT MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING! I JUST ASKED US TO WRITE ABOUT A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A VICTORIAN LADY
I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING SUITABLE FOR AN EVENING OUT!
EH YOU'RE BARMY YOU AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS DRESSED UP LIKE SOME KIND OF CHARLES DICKENS BARMY
HERE AND I 'OUGHT THAT WHAT MORE SAD THAN WAS OFF MY ROCKER YOU
WELL WE'LL WORK THIS OUT AT EA THEY'RE GETTING A TIME TO THE MUSEUM OL SHIP
AT THE MUSEUM
WHAT ARE YOU ALL DRESSED UP LIKE THAT FOR YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE COSPLAYERS ARE YOU?
EH OH NO EH WELL AN ACCIDENT I WAS THE ONLY OTHER DRESS AROUND
SMOOCH FOR ONE IN CLOSE NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO
LISTEN G ORIA MISS THIS ERICK'S A GHOST AND SHE'S GOT SOME STRANGE POWER OVER AN AND HE HERE NOW I KNOW HIS HIGH PITCH BELIEVE BUT
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING THOUGHT THEY WERE CLICK OUT BUT YOU'RE WORSE
NEXT DAY AT THE MUSEUM
HEY LOOK AT THAT OLD PIECE OF JUNK IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A WASHING MACHINE
IT'S NOT JUNK IT'S THE LATEST MODEL

LATER... I WON'T OH PLEASE OH YOU DO ARE JUST ONE BIG BORE
OUCH
WHAT'S WRONG WITH US? WHY'S EVERYTHING SO STRANGE
OH, I AGAIN... BUT THE ACTUALLY BELIEVE THE ARE VICTORIANS
WHAT IF WE'RE YOUNG GIRLS AND ARE THE ROUE & TO PASS IT & WITH AND TO ME ENJOY YOUR SWEETHEART
WHY THAT'S HER KIND OF YOU ER
IN THE CURATOR OF THIS MUSEUM CAN TAKE A PHOTO GRAPH OF YOU GIRLS WITH ONE OF THESE OLD CAMERAS
LOVELY!
OH PLEASE SIR IT WOULD MAKE A MARVELOUS SOUVENIR
HOW VERY KIND I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO HARM IN IT
PLEASE LEAVE ME OUT
THAT MAY HAVE UNDONE HER
WHISTLE-PRICE'S REALLY RAFFLED BUT WHY
LATER
HE'S TAKE A DOMAT DUR PHOTOGRAPH YOU BOTH YOU
WHAT ME ? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE DON'T YOU SEE WHO'S MISSING
TOO LATE EXCELLENT
WHO'S MISSING NO ONE'S MISSING
OH YES THERE IS DON'T KNOW HOW BUT SOMEHOW WE KNOW THAT THIS PERSON'S NOT TO THE PICTURE YET AND WE KNOW THERE WON'T PROCESS MISS - TILL WE'VE GOT HER NOW PERHAPS IF WE RUB AT IT
BUT
TAKE THAT NOW GET A GRIP WITH THE OTHER GIRLS
WE SEEM TO HAVE FOUND SOMEONE WE'VE GOT HOLD OF THE PHOTO GRAPH THE ONLY PROOF WE'VE

OLD NEWSPAPERS! THEY LOOK INTERESTING WHAT'S THIS
GOSH! RALLY ON RIVER FAIR AND THAT'S MISS THISTLEWICK'S PHOTOGRAPH!
RIVER TRIP TRAGEDY!
SUDDENLY
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO JOIN THE OTHER GIRLS! NOW GET ALONG BEFORE I PUNISH YOU
GOODNESS! MISS THISTLEWICK'S WATCH! NO WE HEY A HAWK
SHE'S TEARING THE PAGE OUT! WHY WAS SHE TRYING TO HIDE
OF COURSE! RIVER TRAGEDY! DON'T KNOW WHY BUT SHE'S TRYING TO RECREATE THE PAST AND THAT MEANS THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER RIVER TRAGEDY!
JEN AND THE OTHERS ARE IN GRAVE DANGER! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY
AND SO IN THE BASEMENT BACK AT SCHOOL
THAT ARCHWAY! WHEN MISS THISTLEWICK AND SHIRLEY WALKED THROUGH IT THEY DISAPPEARED! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF DOORWAY TO THE PAST!
PERHAPS IF I CAN GO INTO THE PAST I CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED AND PREVENT THE TRAGEDY FROM HAPPENING AGAIN! WELL HERE GOES!
NOTHING I WILL SAY WILL BE BELIEVED BUT HOW COME I DON'T UNDERSTAND
PERHAPS THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU ARE NOT MEANT TO UNDERSTAND
NICE THISTLEWICK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!

YOU'RE TOO NOSEY BY FAR JUDY MAYHEW! THE TIME HAS COME TO TEACH YOU A LESSON AND TO STOP YOUR MEDDLESOME WAYS!
SHE... SHE'S DISAPPEARING OF COURSE... THE ARCHWAY FOR HER... TO A DOORWAY TO THE PAST... HERE'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!
IN THE PLAYGROUND
HEY! MIND WHO YOU'RE SHOVING!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH JUDY? YOU'D THINK SHE WAS BEING CHASED BY A GHOST OR SOMETHING!
MEANWHILE
OH! THE PAIN! YES, MISS THISTLEWICK, WE OBEY
OH NO! THE VICTORIANS ARE AFTER US! THIS BUS IS... OH, WHAT A NUISANCE!
COME BACK JUDITH! PLEASE PLEASE
BUT
YOUNG FOOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT YOURSELF KILLED JUMPING ON THE BUS LIKE THAT!
MA'AM, SHE'S MADE DAMEN AT HER TOUCH. WE LAST TIME ONE OF THEM TOUCHED MY SLEEVE, TO BE TRANSPORTED BACK IN TIME FOR A FEW MINUTES!
DID YOU HAVE TO PUSH PAST ME LIKE THAT, YOUNG WOMAN? THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER SEATS
I'M SORRY, BUT I HAD TO GET THE INSIDE SEAT. MUST HAVE SOMEONE BETWEEN ME AND MADELEN

OH NO THE BOMBER NEXT TO ME IS GETTING OFF WHAT DO DO NOW
AAAH! HM WHAT AM DOING IN THIS DRESS!
OH JOY AM GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHAT AM DOING ON THIS BUS AND IN THIS RIDICULOUS DRESS!
NORMAL AM WHAT DO YOU MEAN
SUDDENLY NOT EXPLAINED WHAT HAD BEEN HAPPENING
BUT LATER AT HOME
AND I'M MISS THIS EM WANT'S YOU YOU VE COME WITH ME
NO WAIN'T ACTING LIKE A VICTIM AS AGAIN GO TO HER AWAY
THAT EVENING AT HOME
STOP STARING AT THE PHOTOGRAPH AND EAT YOUR TEA
SORRY MUM
WHY AM NO AFFECTED LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS WHOSE ANCESTORS ARE IN THIS OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS WEST ENDERS VICTORIAN PLAYS?
WHEN LETS HER WORRY ABOUT WAIN'T BEHAVING NORMALLY ON THE BUS IN CASE SHE WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL AND MISS THIS EMILY AT THE
WHAT'S NO WISE HIS POWER POWERS ARE LIMITED IF CAN DO WELL THE GIRLS FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM HER THEY'LL BE OKAY BUT HOW DO DO THAT?

MMM THAT'S LEWICK'S FURNACE THAT I'M NOT AFFECTED SO ! BUT SOON HER PLANS TO DECORATE THE RIVER TRAGEDY IN A MINUTE
I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW HOW TO SAVE THE GIRLS!
HEY JUDY WAIT WHA.. YOU'RE DOING, WAIT A LITTLER THE LEICH!
NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL
GOT YOUR ESSAY JUDY!
WHAT ESSAY?
THE COMPET TION ESSAY STUPID! DON'T YOU WANT TO WIN A PLACE ON THAT BOAT TRIP UP THE RIVER.
THE ESSAY COMPET TION ? I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT BUT DOESN'T MATTER SINCE I'M SURE I'VE ALREADY DECIDED WHO'S FROM THE VICTORIAN ERA!
LATER IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY
I WONDER WHO ONE IS HERE LUMME IT'S GETTING DARK OUTSIDE DOES IT'S A STORM COMING UP
WE HAVE SOMEONE LURKED THE LIGHTS OFF AND ALSO IT'S SUDDENLY VERY COLD YET THE WINDOWS ARE SHUT AND THE HEAT IS ON
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE MY WRATH!
WELL THIS FIRE DOOR OPEN AND SHUT JUST APPEARED FROM NOWHERE!
ICE AGE MS JUDITH MATHEW YOU ARE IN MY POWER IN MY POWER YOU CAN'T RESIST
OH WHAT ARE YOU DOING? OH MY HEAD I SEE WHO
NOW WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND WHERE YOU BORN?
MY NAME IS JUDITH VICTORIA MATHEW WAS BORN IN 1888
EXCELLENT EXCELLENT NOW NOTHING CAN STOP ME

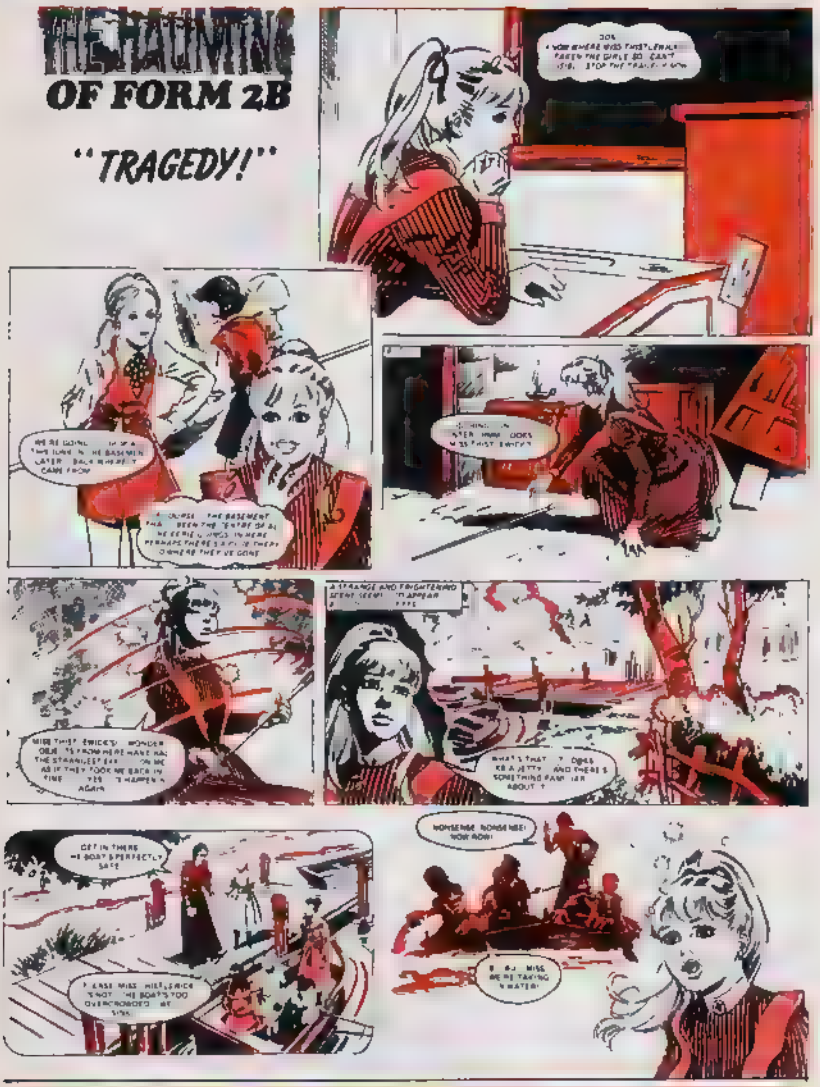
WHAT A VULGAR UNIFORM! LOOK AT THE SKIRT IT'S SO SHORT. CAN'T WEAR SOME THING MORE COMELY AND DECENT
INDEED YOU CAN MY DEAR INDEED YOU CAN. JUST ACCOMPANY ME TO THE BASEMENT
A BASEMENT WON'T WORK HERE
YOU DARE TO QUESTION ME. HOW CAN THIS BE UNLESS TELL ME WHEN WAS ALICE IN WONDER LAND WRITTEN
ALICE IN WONDERLAND? EH-UHH
CORRECT. FOR A MOMENT THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ONLY BE PRETENDING TO BE UNDER MY POWER
PHEW! THAT WAS LUCKY! BUT I'M STILL NOT OUT OF DANGER IF SHE ASKS ME TO WALK THROUGH THE ARCHWAY SHE'LL KNOW I'M FAKING COS WON'T DISAPPEAR
IN THE BASEMENT
FAY HERE ILSY AN KEEP WATCH IN CASE ANYONE COMES DOWN
SORRY MY LUCK'S HOLDING AND JUST AS WELL IF I'M TO SAVE MY FRIENDS FROM THE TRAGEDY MISS PHISTLEWICK'S PREPARING FOR THEM
STILL AVAILABLE INCREDIBLE BUT MISS THISTLEWICK'S A GHOST WHO'S GOT MY FRIENDS UNDER SOME STRANGE POWER. AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO HELP THEM TO PROVE I'M ONE OF THEM

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
JUDITH HELP US
I SOLVE ME JUDITH WILL SOMEHOW THE OTHERS
WHAT'S IN MY NOW
SAME AS LOOK AS WE COULD HERE
GOOD GLAD I'M IN OUR DOOR SO WE WON'T BE LONG NOW
YOU LOOK AD TO HEAR THAT THE MISSION OUTING IS ARRANGED YOU BE A SUCCESS THIS TIME
SHE'S NOT WHAT I'D A ABSOLUTE THE MEET BUT WHERE
IT'S MY PRECIOUS DAYS I'M SOON BE OVER FOR US A
GOOD MISS THEIR BRIDE'S REAL APPRECIATE TOWARDS THERE IT'S WEB LAST BRIDGE HAVE SEAT AT THE DOWN BY SPARE

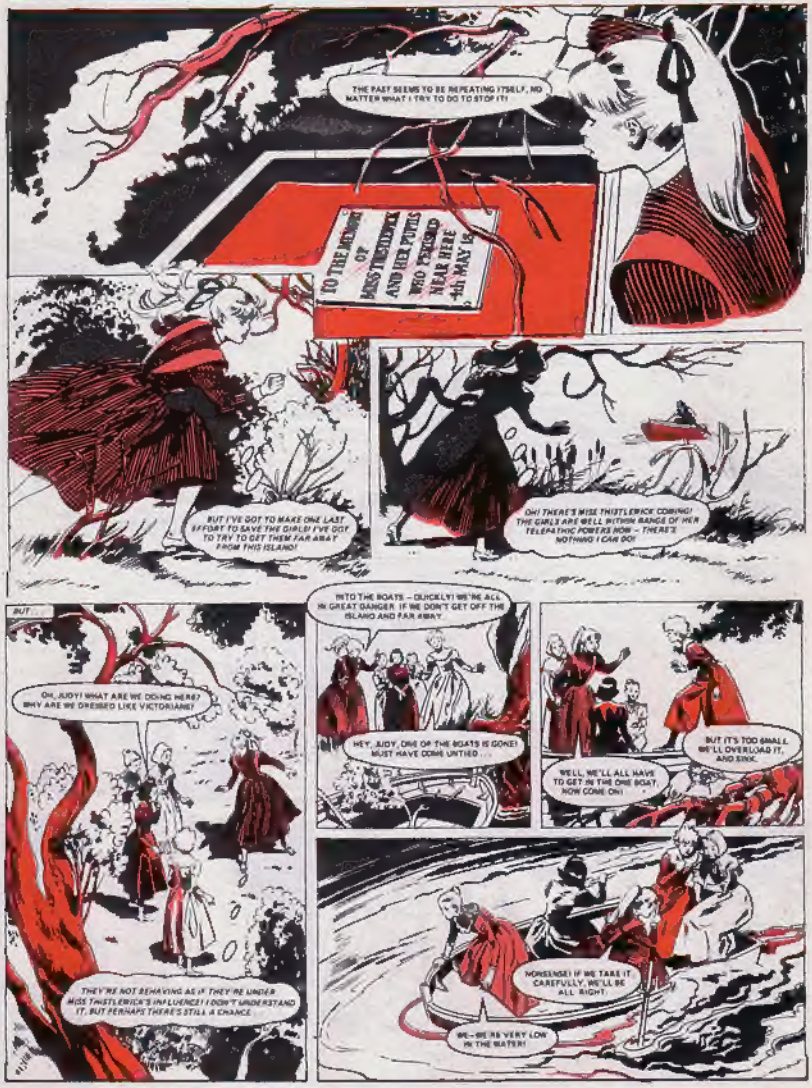
MISS THAT PRINCE CHARMING'S COMING
AAAH!
WHO THAT LOVELY LADY'S PAINTED?
SAVE HER SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT
OH NO! NOT YOU TOO JUDY YOU LOOK AS SCARY AS A FLY IN WONDER AND
RUNS IN WONDER AND RUNS THE WONDERFUL NEW BOOK
WHY DON'T YOU BE JUST LIKE THOSE OTHERS CRACKERS
AND DRESS UP THE ACTION FOR US GIRLS IN CASE MISS NO FORCE GETS BATTLE THROUGH THE ARCHWAY
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE'RE GETTING RID OF A VICTORIAN RUBBISH IN THE ATTIC SINCE THEY DON'T SHE RIGGED THE GIRLS' COMPETITION ALL WE'RE GOT TO DO ON THE TOP
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
COS WHEN THEY WERE PARLOUR MAIDS A VICTORIAN FRIEND HAVE ALREADY GONE OFF
SHE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE COURTESY TO
Have fun at whatever you're doing. Sorry you had to die, does that count?
SHE'S NOT HAVE BEEN INCLINED NOW THAT DONE A BOOK
IF YOU HAVE SHE MUST HAVE TOLD THE VICTORIAN GIRLS A LIE
DON'T SEE I'VE FAILED AT ANYTHING THIS TIME

THE HAUNTING OF FORM 2B

"TRAGEDY!"

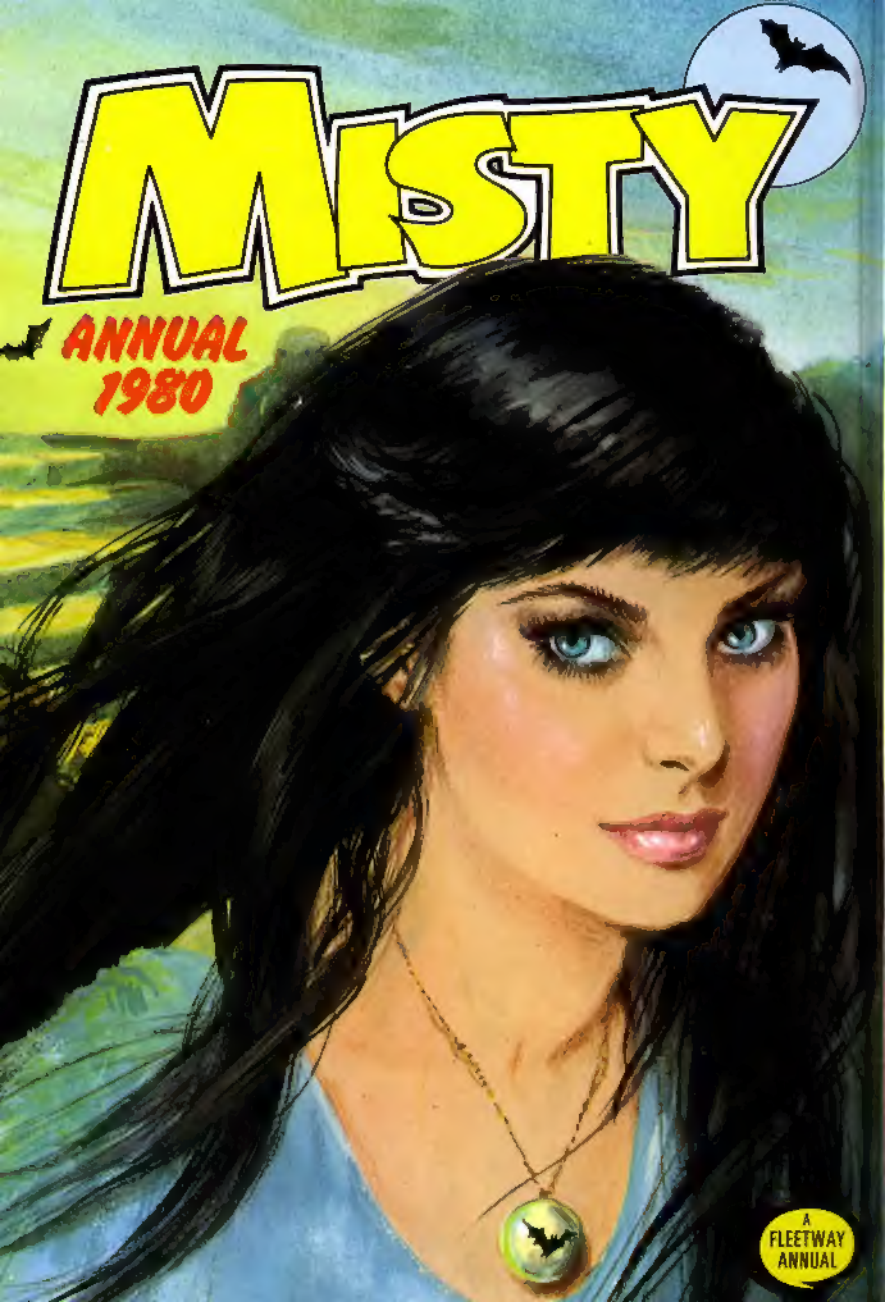

WHERE WHERE DOES THIS LEAVE FAGEN THE GIRLS SO CAN'T STOP THE TRAGEDY NOW
WE'RE GOING IN AS A TWO HOME IN THE BASEMENT LATER BACK HOME BUT CAREFROM
I SUPPOSE THE BASEMENT HAS BEEN THE CENTRE OF AL WE EERIE THINGS IN HERE PERHAPS THERE'S A CLUE IN THERE SOMEWHERE THEY'VE GONE
WHEN MUM LOOKS AT HIS PAST EVENTS
WHERE THEY ENVISIONED WONDER ONLY TO KNOW WE HAVE HAD THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCE ON ME AS IF THEY TOOK ME BACK IN TIME TO THE 7 HAMPTON AGAIN
A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING SCENE SEEMS TO APPEAR
WHAT'S THAT ? LOOKS KIND OF PRETTY AND THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT ?
GET IN THERE WE DON'T PERFECTLY SAFE
PLEASE MISS HIELSERVICE YOU'RE NOT OVERENCOURAGED BE SILLY
WONDERFUL WONDERFUL! WOW WOW!
OH NO MISS WE'RE TAKING WATER!

HELP! HELP! WE'RE SINKING!
OH NO! THEY'RE ALL GOING TO DROWN!
OH HOW HORRIBLE! WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE TRAGEDY THAT HAPPENED IN THE PAST THE ONE WISH THAT ERNICK WANTS TO ALLEVIATE
WHAT'S THAT JUDITH? WHAT TRAGEDY?
THAT SILLY! THAT'S MAUDE MODGSON'S BOAT! HOW IS TODAY? ACCORDING TO THE BRAINWAVE TREES WISH THIS ERNICK MUST HAVE TAKEN THE GIRLS THERE I'VE GOT TO HURRY!
HEY! WHAT'S UP? INTO TODAY SHE'S ACTING AS WILD DAVID AS THOSE OTHER GIRLS DO!
RIGHT... NOT TO HAVE TAKEN MY OLD COUNTRY BUS. GOOD A BIKE THAT'S NOT FAIR TO KID.
THE BUS LOOKS SUCH A LONG ROUNDABOUT WAY. MIGHT JUST GET THERE BEFORE THEM IF I'LL BE BAD... THIS STUPID DRESS DOESN'T GET CAUGHT IN THE CHAIN
HALF AN HOUR LATER
THE BUS AND HIS BIKE ARE ON IT SO HE'S NOT HOW I TAKE THE SHORT CUT OVER THE HILL I'LL REALLY QUITE THERE BEFORE THEM
PHEW! DONE IT A BIT! HOPE AM TO SAVE THEM UNLESS OOPS THEY THEY ARE NOW CAN'T LET WISH THIS, ERNICK SEE US
WISH THIS, ERNICK'S POWERS ARE LIMITED IN RANGE IF CAN GET THE GIRLS FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM HER THEY SHOULD STOP BEHAVING LIKE VICTORIANS
HERE'S MY CHANCE WHILE WISH THIS, ERNICK'S GETTING THEIR TICKETS!
COME ON GIRLS INTO THE BOATS WISH THIS, ERNICK'S ORDERS!
HEY IT'S JUDITH!
JUDITH WE THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T COMING!
WHAT? AND MISS THE BOAT TRIP! DON'T BE SOFT NOW COME ON START ROWING


THE PAST SEEMS TO BE REPEATING ITSELF, NO MATTER WHAT I TRY TO DO TO STOP IT!
TO THE MEMORY OF MISS THISTLEWICK AND HER PUPILS WHO PERISHED NEAR HERE 4th MAY 19
BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE ONE LAST EFFORT TO SAVE THE GIRLS! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET THEM FAR AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND!
OH! THERE'S MISS THISTLEWICK COMING! THE GIRLS ARE WELL WITHIN RANGE OF HER TELEPATHIC POWERS NOW – THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!
BUT
OH, JUDY! WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? WHY ARE WE DRESSED LIKE VICTORIANS?
THEY'RE NOT BEHAVING AS IF THEY'RE UNDER MISS THISTLEWICK'S INFLUENCE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT PERHAPS THERE'S STILL A CHANCE...
INTO THE BOATS – QUICKLY! WE'RE ALL IN GREAT DANGER IF WE DON'T GET OFF THE ISLAND AND FAR AWAY!
HEY, JUDY, ONE OF THE BOATS IS GONE! MUST HAVE COME UNTIED...
BUT IT'S TOO SMALL, WE'LL OVERLOAD IT, AND SINK.
WELL, WE'LL ALL HAVE TO GET IN THE ONE BOAT, NOW COME ON!
NONSENSE! IF WE TAKE IT CAREFULLY, WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
WE – WE'RE VERY LOW IN THE WATER!

WE'RE TAKING IN WATER! WE'RE GOING TO SINK!
WHAT?! OH, NO! THE TRAGEDY'S REPEATING ITSELF! BUT IT'S NOT MISS THISTLEWICK'S FAULT – IT'S MINE!
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET BACK TO THE SHORE!
TOO LATE, JUDY! I'VE LOST MY OAR!
THE BOAT'S FILLING UP. OUR DRESSES ARE SO HEAVY, WE'LL SINK LIKE STONES!
HELP! HELP!
OH, SAVE ME!
BUT THEN...
HANG ON, THERE! SOON HAVE YOU OUT!
LOOK – WE'RE GOING TO BE SAVED!
THAT'S IT... THAT'S THE LAST OF YOU ABOARD SAFELY!
WHEW! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS...
THEIR RESCUER WAS A LOCK-KEEPER LATER, IN HIS COTTAGE...
JUDY, WHAT MADE YOU FORCE US INTO THE BOAT LIKE THAT? WHAT WAS THE GREAT DANGER?
I-I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO BE KILLED. IN FACT, WE ALMOST WERE – BUT NOT THE WAY I THOUGHT...
THEN JUDY EXPLAINED ABOUT MISS THISTLEWICK.
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US SHE CAUSED THE DEATHS OF VICTORIAN RELATIVES OF OURS? IT - IT'S INCREDIBLE!
AND SHE CAME BACK AS A GHOST TO KILL US AS WELL? BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW THEN?
THE LOCK-KEEPER CAME IN WITH HOT DRINKS.
HOW CAN WE THANK YOU FOR SAVING OUR LIVES, MR. TOYNBEE?
DON'T THANK ME – THANK THE WOMAN IN BLACK WHO WARNED ME YOU WERE IN TROUBLE.
WOMAN IN BLACK?
DURING HER NAME – SHE'S DISAPPEARED. BUT SHE WAS DRESSED LIKE YOU WERE.
MISS THISTLEWICK! BUT YOU TOLD US SHE WAS SOME SORT OF GHOST, TRYING TO KILL US, JUDY!
A GHOST... A GHOST WITH AN UNHAPPY PAST... FORGIVE ME, GIRLS...
AAAGH! THERE SHE IS! SHE – SHE JUST APPEARED FROM NOWHERE! JUDY WAS RIGHT!
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TODAY WE DIED, ALL DIED, YOUR ANCESTORS AND I, IN THE RIVER. ALL BECAUSE OF MY STUBBORN FOLLY! OH, THE SORROW OF IT! MY SPIRIT COULDN'T REST...

SO – SO YOU CAME BACK TO MAKE AMENDS? NOT, AS I THOUGHT, TO HURT US, BUT TO LIVE THAT DAY AGAIN, AND END IT HAPPILY?
WELL, IT HAS ENDED HAPPILY, MISS – AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOU. YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!
NOW I CAN REST IN PEACE
GOODBYE, GOODBYE, ALL MY DEAR GIRLS. YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN
GOLLY, SHE – SHE'S JUST FADING AWAY!
BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL FRIGHTENED. I FEEL HAPPY FOR HER!
GOSH! NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE US WHEN WE TELL THEM ABOUT THIS
SO WE DON'T TELL THEM. AS IT IS, THE REST OF THE SCHOOL THINK WE'RE MAD AS HATTERS!
NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL...
LEAVE OFF, GLORIA!
WHAT'S THIS? NO VICTORIAN DRESSES? DON'T TELL ME YOU FREAKS HAVE DECIDED TO RETURN TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?
IN CLASS
HEY, SERIOUSLY THOUGH, WHY DID YOU WEAR ALL THAT VICTORIAN CLOBBER?
WELL – ER – IT WAS PART OF A PROJECT MISS THISTLEWICK DEVISED TO – ER – LOOK INTO HOW PEOPLE – HOW PEOPLE REACT TO THE UNUSUAL
YEAH, WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING UNUSUAL, MISS THISTLEWICK'S LATE.
AND SHE'S GOING TO BE FURIOUS WHEN SHE GETS IN. THE HEAD'S GOING TO MAKE A BONFIRE OF ALL THE JUNK IN THE BASEMENT SOME TIME THIS WEEK.
AND SO A FEW DAYS LATER...
WHAT'S WRONG, JUDY? STILL WORRIED ABOUT MISS THISTLEWICK'S DISAPPEARANCE? YOU LOOK MILES AWAY!...
I WAS JUST THINKING, GLORIA...
THERE GOES OUR LAST LINK WITH THE GHOST OF MISS THISTLEWICK, MARILYN. I'LL NEVER FORGET ALL THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED.
NONE OF US WILL, JUDY. BUT NOW NEWLEY IS JUST AN ORDINARY SCHOOL AGAIN – LET'S JOIN IN THE FUN!
The End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